

# THE ROUND TABLE.

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## THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

PERSON once averred that he could write the history of human folly in five hundred volumes. The assertion was not unreasonable, perhaps, in his day, but in ours none but a fool would venture it. Judge Edmonds, the corypheus of spiritualism in these parts, declares in his late letter: "Spiritualism has been laughed at for years, yet within these years it has spread in this country until it has its millions of believers. It is manifest all over the world. In every possible form it is showing itself. It is seen in arts and sciences, in politics, and literature, and religion." The fact is hardly overstated. Beyond all question this new revelation has taken hold of the imaginations of multitudes of men. Like the other spirit that also dwelt in the tombs, its name is Legion. Its prevalence is the worst of all the signs of the day—the hardest of all arguments against the reality of the human advancement we so much boast. It is only another phase, a nineteenth century style, of Chaldaic thaumaturgy, Persian magic, Egyptian enchantment, Syrian abracadabra, Greek pythonism, Roman sibylism, medieval necromancy, African fetishism, and the occult science of the Pawnee medicine-man.

In the very nature of man there is an appetite for the marvelous, which, under favorable circumstances, is capable of swallowing the greatest absurdities. Machiavelli but stated the naked truth when he declared that "mankind are so simple that the deceiver will never want a dupe to let himself be gulled." It holds good in every age, and among every nation and tribe under the sun. Ignorance may be peculiarly exposed to deception, but education is no safeguard against it. In the days of witchcraft, your Leo Tenth, Sir Mathew Hales, and Cotton Mathers were as profoundly deluded as your Gellie Duncans, Agnes Sampsons, and Barbara Napiers; and the pundits have contributed their full quota to the spiritualistic neophytes of the present day. Much learning does not of itself make mad, but a well-stored intellect by no means secures a well-regulated imagination. Schoolmen have seen their full share of visions and specters. It is your literary hypochondriacs particularly that fancy their legs are glass, or their heads tea-pots. The simple truth is, that since man left Eden, folly has been indigenous everywhere in this world of ours. It is carried about like thistle-down on every breeze that blows, and easily takes root on all soils, and in high as well as low places.

We make much of our prodigious advance in all that is great and wise;—but is it one jot more civilized or respectable to hold converse with spirits by mystic raps on the table or wainscot, than, as in olden time, over the chafing dishes of necromancers and sorcerers? It may be more *scientific*, but, after all, is it a whit more rational to say that a magnetic influence or an odic force permits this than, as of yore, to attribute

it directly to the Evil One? In fact, were not our ancestors, on the whole, the more philosophical in imputing it to a power which they knew did exist, and had existed from time immemorial, rather than to an agency of which the world never heard, and which, when separated from its name, and resolved into a definition, is found to be nothing more nor less than just "such stuff as dreams are made of." In what respect are our modern "mediums" who evoke spirits, utter prophecies, tell fortunes, prescribe remedies, and recover stolen goods, more creditable to this generation than the sorcerers of the fifteenth century, who did precisely the same thing with the aid of only a little more barbarous jargon and fantastic gesticulation? Where in Edmond Dickenson's "Quintessence of the Philosophers," or in Jacob Bohmen's "Temporal Mirror of Eternity," or in the "New Method of Rosicrucian Physic: by John Heydon, the Servant of God and Secretary of Nature," or in any similar work of the Middle Ages, can you find anything to beat the necromantic marvels published to the world in the *Boston Spiritualist*, the *New York Spiritual Telegraph*, and the *Philadelphia Shekinah*, as of daily occurrence now?

It is useless to argue against delusions like these. Phantasms of this kind may, perhaps, be conjured down in Latin, but can never be debated down in plain English. It is the most irrational things which most elude reason, the most unsubstantial things which most baffle fact. Pressed by argument, they vanish to reappear, in some new figment. Nor can ridicule touch them. Neither charlatany nor credulity cares for that; not charlatany, because it has no sense of shame; not credulity, because it flatters itself with the conceit of superior insight. Besides, though we may well laugh at hallucinations when they are simply ridiculous, these "spiritual manifestations," absurd as they are in essence, are too serious in their effects for derision.

Addison has finely remarked that "Babylon in ruins is not so affecting or so solemn a spectacle as an intellect overthrown." Who will say that the imposture which destroys mind is not more truly and more sadly a public calamity than the conflagration, or the whirlwind, which destroys only matter? There is not an insane asylum in the country which does not contain victims of this delusion. Its whole tendency is to derange the nervous system, inflame the imagination, confuse the understanding, and make the entire man a wreck. The doctrine of media between the visible and the invisible world is at irreconcilable variance with all divine revelation. It is fit for no other system of religion than devil-worship. It takes away the very purpose, and puts an end to the very object, of the Bible. Nay more, as it has been carried out, it makes the Bible not merely a superfluous thing but a lie. It denies the judgment after death, scatters among its seven heavens men of all characters and creeds, confounds all moral distinctions in the other world, and destroys every moral responsibility in this. "Where no gods are, specters rule," forcibly said Novalis. Between spiritualism and infidelity there is always a remarkable affinity. The existence of either is almost sure to generate the other. In the infidel gatherings nine-tenths are avowed spiritualists; in the spiritual gatherings nine-tenths are avowed infidels. The very men who have been wont to scoff at religion as a superstition, and to pride themselves upon their exemption from the credulity of ordinary mortals, have been the very first to be duped by this piece of folly. Robert Owen, of Lanark, lived more than eighty years in utter disbelief of the soul's existence after death, and then published to the world that an interview with a medium in London had convinced him to the contrary. So strictly true is the remark which has

been so often made, that of all men in the world the infidel is the most credulous. No human evidence, according to Hume, can in any case render the miracles of Scripture credible; but there is no absurdity too gross for his followers to swallow at the very first sight, *provided* it be anti-scriptural—no superstition too monstrous to be embraced as soon as it is conjured up, *provided* it promises to obliterate the sense of Deity and all moral sanctions, and thus prepare the way for the total subversion of every institution, both social and religious, which men have been accustomed to revere. "All human discoveries," says William Herschel, "seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths contained in the sacred writings;" and yet none the less are the imaginations of these men continually on the stretch to body forth, from the thick earth or the thin air, some airy nothing which shall make the Bible seem a forgery. There is a certain superficial, half-taught, half-reasoning science, falsely so-called, which is their ally. Before true science, like that of Michael Faraday, they sink on the instant; yet only quickly to rise again. Though science every day grows wiser and stronger, human nature remains unchanged. The folly of the foolish will long continue to call up these spirits quite as fast as the wisdom of the wise can lay them.

## AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

WHEN the original Astor, having feathered his nest with furs, and bought all the Island of Manhattan except Trinity Church, saw fit to grow old, and chuckle over his possessions, one inspiration, his latest and best, brightened his darkening hours. Whether by the influence of Fitz Greene Halleck—himself rewarded for a lifetime of devotion with a week's salary for his yearly income—or with that thirst for remembrance after death by a more generous deed than his whole shrewd career, which the hardest know—the old German trader, with one hand upon his ingots, keeping guard, reached the other into the future, and wrote his name on the pages of American literature. If New York has become the literary centre of the country, the Astor Library is in great part responsible for the fact. Excepting the British Museum, it is, in superficial respects, the best library of reference in the world, eclipsed in the number and value of volumes by most of the great European *bibliothèques*, but better classified than they, catalogued more exhaustively, and, to the ordinary reader, ample enough. It is a little too much of a charity and not sufficient of a business, and there is a slowness about it which contrasts oddly with the live character of American institutions—as, for example, the tardiness with which new and indispensable books are put on its shelves. The ghost of Astor accepts nothing that is not five years old, and to the journalist or magazinist, who must write up to the time, this is provoking; he is driven to the Mercantile, across the way, which will have nothing that is old, and devours trash like the great Pagoda hen, from grain to gravel, and from dirt to drivel. Let any one who has gone to the Bibliotheque Imperial hunting a book, in the absence of any catalogue whatever, and amid a wilderness of alcoves, and, when he has got it, obliged to sit at a large table as at a steamboat dinner, with frames around him as of a horse railway car, refer with pleasure to the light and lofty saloons of the Astor, and its pleasant tables placed apart, with its little store of volumes closely and admirably at hand, and, if he be entitled to them, the shadiest and most cunning alcoves in the world. This library, by position, is scholarly and modest; by architecture, consistent, if not unexceptionable, in classical details; by management, reliable, if tardy; and so discrimi-

nating, that, without any intestine trouble, the rabble learn to keep away from it, and the refined to love it.

The Historical Society's Library is choice, after its kind; but the facilities for reading in it are of a purblind sort, and there is such a medley of curious rubbish among the books that one insensibly sharpens his pencils with Indian tomahawks, and takes his notes on the rags of the Egyptian mummy. The Historical Society, as its name infers, must not be expected to grow up to the times, though we understand it desires a large part of Central Park wherein to cultivate fossils. There is a madness abroad as to Central Park, which even the staid and venerable share. That garden is not the brains of the metropolis, but only its lungs, and the Historical Society has as much business in it as a newspaper office. A collection in a garden is not uncommon; the Borghese Casino is in the heart of the Borghese grounds, and the geological erections at Sydenham are colossal, like the open air in which they are set. But while we have so little to refine the citizen and amuse the stranger within the city limits, the transportation of anything considerable to the remote seclusion of the Park will be more absurd than the erection of the shrine of Saint Francis upon a mountain top. At present the old arsenal building in the Park contains the casts of Crawford's works—the most representative of our marbles; but the memory of the sculptor, and the benevolence of his widow, are insulted by placing these results of art in the midst of a menagerie. Patrick Henry is thundering his periods upon a spotted bull, and the martial steed of Washington is charging down upon some grinning chimpanzees. All the severe faces in the pediment of the Capitol are intelligently regarded by a giraffe, an opossum, and a cage full of blind owls; and the heathen divinities, marble white, are in alarming proximity to a box of vipers. We have no reverence in the Park for anything but the grass; and natural history is no doubt ranked, in æsthetic education above Fifty-Sixth Street, with the art which made Michael Angelo out of a cynic, and Raphael out of a loiterer.

But as to libraries, there are many lesser ones in New York, each founded upon some benefaction or ministering to some exclusive curiosity. The Mercantile is the most useful to the masses, and resembles nothing in the world so much as Mudie's, in London, though the latter lacks the periodical reading-room, which is one of the features of the former. Mudie had so monopolized the novel-lending of London in 1862, that he was able to dictate the success or failure of a new book by the number of copies he ordered of it. This shows how mistaken is the notion that the lending of a book injures the sale of it any more than an advertisement of its table of contents or a dramatization of it. The publishers of this country would enlarge their market by founding a reading-room in every village. Mudie grew bloated with success at length, and bought faster than he classified, so that his shop became known as "Muddler's." He broke up all his competitors, and in 1863 became quietly bankrupt himself, though his creditors secretly met together and gave him time and help. Whether he is upon his feet financially at present we do not know; but the house of Mudie continues to lend to the only earthly solace of all the young ladies of the West End. The Mercantile Library's book department is loosely excellent; but the place is a commercial one, and all its librarians look like salesmen. This library and the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia—which latter is a nondescript place, filled with chessmen—convulse their several microcosms once a year with an intestine quarrel as to their directories.

The Congressional Library at Washington is very slow for the capital, but it is one of the few refining influences of that aggregation, and, in a sparse way, is courteously officered. We have no national or state library worth as much as a tolerable publishing house. The Astor and the Pennsylvania have the atmosphere of letters about them, and, for the present, keep pace with our literary spirit. Of private libraries we have several held in great esteem by their owners, but none of these would make any considerable bequest as the nucleus of a clever *bibliothèque*. The great State of Virginia, Mother of Presidents, holds in its capital a pitiful armful of old "*Federalists*;" and, by its scanty and unappreciated shelves, attests that illiberal spirit,

now abased, which made against its political enemy the charge of the old anti-bibliomaniac Job: "You write books and you publish newspapers, and you send them amongst us." Virginia's historian of the war, solemnly appointed, gave to the South the first volume of a compilation which a police-reporter might criticize.

So the library spirit, apart from New England and the two chief cities of the Middle States, has a commencement, but not a vehement, enterprising, covetous, real life. An old man's latter-day whim saved us the Astor Library, and shaved the allowance originally intended for a relative. In the latter case, our only collection of worth would now be going on wheels up Fifth Avenue, or lying open to the rain on ground-rent.

But in our little villages, all umbrageous, and hospitable only in their tavern bar-rooms, should not some missionary spirit soften one hard knob of our hard lives of money-getting by setting up a little house, shelving it, and opening wide its doors? So in Newport, snugly embowered, stands the little temple of the Redwood. And while the world, and dyspepsia, and shoddy are running against the breakers and airing their satins in basket-wagons, there sits beneath the pleasant light, in the contemplation of the dusky portraits, a quiet company, turning the leaves, as meditative as the beach and the sober men who shall walk it when this summer passes by like a dance and all the butterflies are gone.

## REVIEWS.

### DRAPER'S CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA.\*

DOCTOR DRAPER is an excellent chemist and physiologist, who would seem, from his writings, to be little versed in jurisprudence, political economy, or any of those other branches of knowledge comprised under the general designation of the moral and political sciences. When he ventures into the field of historical and political speculation, he brings to these complex studies, not a mind many-sided, well-balanced, enriched with the various culture which these subjects require, but a mind strong only in one direction.

The volume under notice is an off-shoot from the larger work published by Doctor Draper last year, under the title, "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." That work contained many striking, and some just and profound views. Its leading conception, that social progress and national development are regulated by fixed laws, and proceed by a uniform and discoverable method, though not original, is a truth of the first magnitude. The possibility of a science of society and a science of history, certain enough in their principles to stand the tests applied to other sciences, and to enable those who have mastered them to predict the future, is a recent and fruitful conception, the germ of a body of knowledge yet to be created. To object to Doctor Draper's contributions to this coming science that they are defective and imperfect, would be like objecting to the faint streaks of the aurora that they are not the meridian splendor of the day which they announce.

We are not sure that Doctor Draper is not better fitted for the class of inquiries in which he is engaged, in the infancy of this branch of knowledge, by the very one-sidedness which, at a maturer stage of its advancement, might be pleaded against him to his discredit. As Auguste Comte—the unacknowledged master of Dr. Draper, and of most other recent speculators in this department of inquiry—has shown, the science of history must be entered through the portals of biology; and the long devotion of Doctor Draper to physiology has placed him in the vestibule to its main wing. He brings to the investigation much knowledge of the organized social unit, man. He is familiar with the control exerted over human actions by physical organization, with the methods of inquiry and the suggestive analogies furnished by comparative physiology and the laws of life. His defective acquaintance with most of the other elements which enter into political science has, at least, the advantage of setting him free from deference to the great thinkers devoted to these inquiries; and his thoughts,

being in no danger of running in their trains, are more at liberty to follow the clues suggested by the special sciences in which his mind has been formed. We never think of objecting to Wyckliffe that he was not Luther; to Tycho Brahe that he was not Newton; to Priestley that he was not Berzelius; nor to John Fitch that he was not Fulton; and for a similar reason we should judge with indulgent lenity the earliest cultivators of the science of history.

We must not, however, be understood to imply, by these comparisons, that Doctor Draper has contributed anything original to the new science, beyond some happy illustrations borrowed from the sciences he has more fully mastered. In the volume before us, which reproduces, with new applications, the leading principles of his former and more elaborate work, there is no fundamental thought of which he can justly claim the paternity. Let us take, for example, the idea which makes the greatest figure of any one in the book—the influence of climate on the human organism, and, through it, on human development and institutions. The idea is as old as Hippocrates, as is shown by Villemain, who, in his "*Cours de Littérature Française*," translates a long passage from that old Greek writer. The passage is appositely quoted by Villemain in his lecture on Montesquieu, as perhaps having suggested the seminal idea of that large portion of the "*Esprit des Lois*" devoted to the discussion of climatic influences. It is quite possible, however, although Villemain does not allude to it, that Montesquieu may have derived the idea from a predecessor in his own language, Bodin, whose "*Republique*" was published nearly two centuries before the "*Esprit des Lois*." Bodin discussed this subject at some length. Doctor Draper, from his deficiencies in other than physiological knowledge, has carried this inquiry backward. His physiological illustrations are, indeed, clearer and more modern than those of Montesquieu; but his conceptions of climate as a social and political force are scarcely in advance of those of Hippocrates. Doctor Draper has no definite perception of any other consequence of climate than its physiological effect on the human organism. This part of the subject is explained by him with much lucidness and beauty and a great affluence of interesting illustrations; but of the subsequent links in the chain of consequences his ideas are clouded by vagueness and indecision; while of the indirect effects of climate, by modifying the circumstances in which human beings are placed, and thus training their characters, Doctor Draper would seem scarcely to have thought at all.

This deficiency is what we had in mind in remarking that Dr. Draper has carried this inquiry backward. Mr. Buckle, who was fully alive to the influence of climate, understood its operation better. Dr. Draper fails by his contempt for political economy. It might seem wonderful that in a labored work on "the intellectual development of Europe" Doctor Draper should have ignored political economy, and have made no allusion to Adam Smith, if he had not also slighted or snubbed other great phases of his great subject of nearly equal importance. The variety of Mr. Buckle's knowledge gave him a great advantage in such discussions. He thought that, estimated by its consequences, the "*Wealth of Nations*" is probably the most important book ever written. However this may be, Mr. Buckle makes a good use of the doctrines of political economy in explaining the effects of climate on the character and institutions of nations. He does not stop, like Dr. Draper, with showing (what has so long been known) that climate molds the human organization, and with it the ideas and sentiments of communities. He proceeds to show that its indirect are more important than its direct consequences; or, in other words, that the physical circumstances with which it surrounds a people operate more powerfully upon them from without than physiological changes do from within.

In hot climates men need little clothing, little fuel, slight shelter, no provision against winter for themselves and domestic animals. The warmth which dispenses with these wants makes the earth more fruitful, giving increased abundance with diminished needs. Moreover, the fruits and vegetables of which human food must consist in tropical climates are less expensive than the animal diet essential in higher latitudes.

\* "Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D." Harper & Brothers.



What is the consequence? Why, that in the distribution of the products of industry, the part assigned for wages is trifling compared with the parts which go as rent interest, and profits. The energy of the procreative principle in human beings is so great that the laboring population will everywhere increase up to the limit of the means of subsistence; and when, in a hot and fructifying climate, the land is all appropriated, the amount allowed for the wages of labor is merely the trifling on which laborers in such a climate are able to exist. Mr. Buckle goes through a wide range of historical illustration to confirm the law thus deduced from the principles of political economy and to point out its consequences in respect to the origin of civilization, and the comparative condition of society in the warm and cold zones of the globe. In Doctor Draper there is nothing of this, but only a description of the effect of climate on the color of the skin, eyes, and hair; on the shape of the head and the contour of the features—points that would naturally engage the attention of a physiologist—accompanied by the constantly reiterated assertion that these effects on the physical organization are attended by peculiar modes of feeling, thinking, and judging, so necessary and inevitable that they can never yield to external training.

The most prominent idea in Doctor Draper's book is, that the climatic differences are so great in the United States that it will be almost a social and physiological miracle if the inhabitants permanently consent to live together under one government. The Roman empire, he thinks, held together so long as it did only because its great extension was from east to west, embracing a belt of not very dissimilar climate. Our civil war, he maintains, was the consequence, not of the institution of slavery, but of the modifying influence of climate on the Southern character, creating moods of sentiment in unavoidable antagonism to those of the North. "Their thoughts and their actions," he says, "must necessarily be diverse. To unite them under one government becomes, then, proportionably more and more difficult." The physical difficulty, he thinks, "though formidable is not insuperable." "Is it surprising," he asks, respecting the zune of American population inhabiting the region adapted to the cotton plant, "that there should be a mental sameness, a concordance, among the inhabitants in their manner of thinking?" "Public policy," he says, "should not only discern herein the hidden causes of those dreadful events through which, as a nation, we are passing, it should also foresee that this is the rugged path through which, in the future, destiny leads us." "We have been called to deal with the variations as they now exist; our descendants will here to deal with the greater variations coming." Doctor Draper deduces from the deep-lying, inevitable causes of our civil conflict this magnanimous moral: "Whoever accepts these principles as true, and bear in mind how physical circumstances control the deeds of men as it may be said IN SPIRIT OF THEMSELVES, will have a disposition to look with generosity on the acts of political enemies." Still further dilating on the inevitable antagonism between the North and the South growing out of climatic influences, he says: "Here are things which no human legislation can accomplish. Perhaps he who considers the supreme difficulties incident to our political position may look at the picture almost in despair, and come to the conclusion that, in such a case, no human statesmanship can avail." And further on he asks, "Can we not naturalize those climatic differences, which, if unchecked, must transmute us into different nations?"

After this formidable presentation of the inbred repugnance superinduced by climate, and growing constantly stronger between the North and the South, creating inherent antagonisms which may almost reduce the statesman to despair, it is amusing to find Doctor Draper, in another part of his book (pp. 169-70), expatiating on the transient nature of the alienation attending the civil war! Our civil war, according to his previous expositions, was the effect of mighty and deep-seated predisposing causes, as irresistible in their operation as the laws of nature of which they form a part. Has the Southern climate then changed? Does the explosion of so much gunpowder reverse its effects? Can the transient pecuniary exhaus-

tion of the South undo the silent and resistless influences of the climate, which has so long been molding the physical organization of the people into constantly growing repugnance? What Doctor Draper considers as the primary, the almost irresistible, cause of the civil war is still operating with an ever-growing accumulation of force. How, then, can he talk of "the transient nature of the existing alienation?" "History," he tells us, "is full of examples how speedily the feuds of a civil war die away." The instances which he cites, however, merely illustrate the looseness of his thinking, and the skin-deep penetration of his theory even into his own mind. "How brief a space it took," he says, "in the old times to obliterate all memory of the awful civil wars of the Roman Empire—in later times, of those of England!" But the civil wars of Rome and England were wars between intermingled peoples, not geographically separated, and dwelling in the same climate. How could Doctor Draper be so oblivious to a theory which it is the main purpose of his book to expound?

The looseness of his thinking, as soon as he gets out of the domain of physiology and its collateral sciences, is disclosed in every part of his book. In one place he proves the surpassing beauty of Asiatic women by the following argument: "Doubtless, in Asia, there are women who can more than rival the bewitching fascinations of their European sisters—women of exquisite form and transcendent loveliness. A village in Palestine was the birthplace of the Madonna!" As if the Middle Age Italian artists were favored with sittings of the Virgin for their ideal portraits! The book abounds in such thoughtless incongruities. Among the predictions in which Doctor Draper indulges, is one that polygamy is to become a general practice in our Western States, and is the destined means by which the future influx of Chinese immigration is to be Americanized. To prove that the natural repugnance of our people to this heathenish practice will easily be overcome, he cites the case of the Mormons, and says: "Fifty years ago it would have been thought incredible that a polygamic State should exist in the midst of Christian communities of European descent; and yet a community, whose foundation rests on a religious imposture, has carried, before our eyes, that institution into practical effect, and is fast becoming rich and powerful." This argument is about as cogent as that drawn from the pictures of the Madonna. The Mormons were driven, by a scandalized and enraged public sentiment, out of Ohio; were again driven out of Nauvoo, in Illinois, where they had founded a city of the saints and built a costly temple; were still again driven out of Missouri; their prophet and founder was shot; and some years before California belonged to the United States, they fled from what they called persecution far into the wilderness, where a barrier of untraveled desert stretched away, on all sides, between them and the outskirts of Christian civilization; and Doctor Draper talks of their founding their polygamic community "in the midst of Christian communities," and cites our patient tolerance as an illustration of the ease with which American repugnance to polygamy will, in due time, be overcome!

The length to which this notice has extended forbids us to present our estimate of a great mass of political recommendations contained in Doctor Draper's book; but we may possibly be tempted to recur to them in a future article. The two models which he earnestly recommends to the study of our statesmen are (angels and ministers of grace defend us!) the Celestial Empire of China and the Papal Hierarchy of Rome in its high and palmy days. It would be amusing, if not instructive, to follow Doctor Draper through the trains of speculation by which he finds lessons and exemplars for a great, modern, progressive, democratic community in such unexpected sources; but it would, nevertheless, be unpleasant to expose the crudities into which an intelligent and able man falls when he ventures, with a confident and magisterial tread, into regions of speculation for which his training and studies do not fit him. We welcome his book as tending to popularize some very valuable and fruitful ideas which other minds have discovered, and which Doctor Draper's scientific knowledge peculiarly qualifies him to illustrate in an engaging manner; but no gratitude to its cultivators should cause us to forget

what is due to a rising science, which is, as yet, rather the rough sketch of a plan than a completed edifice. Its cultivators owe it to each other and to the common cause to send a searching scrutiny into the materials offered by each contributor, separating, like wise builders, the polished stones from the "hay, wood, and stubble" with which they may be intermingled.

The substance of Doctor Draper's book was delivered by him last winter, as a course of four lectures before the Historical Society of New York. The author informs us in his preface that the lectures have been so much enlarged that the original matter is nearly quadrupled. We are tempted to suspect that the book has been padded out to its respectable dimensions by the incorporation of matter from other unpublished lectures, not having a very close connection with the subjects discussed before the Historical Society. It contains a great deal of elementary physical science—or, rather, a recounting of many scientific facts—too accessible to be new except to the merest tyros, and no more called for in an ambitious work on "The Future Civil Policy of America" than the excellent commonplaces of a Fourth of July oration.

#### WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE.\*

MR. WHITE very fitly awards praise to his American predecessors in the Shakespearian chair. He grants to Mr. Verplanck judgment, taste, and scholarship; and thinks highly of the thought and vigor of style with which Mr. Hudson has set forth in his introductions to the several plays his ideas of their worth and significance. But he was not wholly satisfied with the labors of these, nor of any of the English editors, and conceived that the proper principles which should guide an editor had not yet been avowed. Neither Mr. Verplanck nor Mr. Hudson had formed their text with an absolutely minute collation of the original copies; but rather on eclectic grounds, culling from those who had professed to do all that collation could accomplish. He discovered that none of the English editors had compared the various originals with a thoroughly conscientious labor, or at least not in accordance with his understanding of such a process. It was consequently with the object of making a better presentation of that which, in his own words, had been presented but "tolerably well" before, that he gave way to his impulse, and, as he thinks, rather unwisely, or without a full understanding of the magnitude of the task, determined

"All these to better in one general best."

The fact of a new edition may argue such pretensions, but Mr. White fairly expresses them, and cannot escape the criticism he openly courts. We are bound to say that on the whole he meets it reasonably well. He has scholarship, judgment, and taste equal to Mr. Verplanck's, and critical apprehension and verbal tact as noteworthy as Mr. Hudson's; while he adds to these qualities a degree of original research and a skill in using it that they do not pretend to possess. The reader will understand our liking of this new edition to be very great, believing it to be based on sound principles, fixed but not inflexible (as our editor says); and that we are not acquainted with a text which on the whole we could prefer. Nevertheless, there are certain traits in Mr. White's editorial character that we would take exception to—his promptings are sometimes inconsistent or inconsequential; his views are sometimes crotchets; and he not unfrequently misplaces value. Within the limits at our command, we cannot designate every instance that accords with these charges.

Without slavishly adhering to the authority of the folio of 1623, Mr. White feels bound, and we think properly, to consider it the only true basis of a perfect text. He has followed it in some respects more closely than any of his predecessors, as in syllabic faithfulness, which he correctly views as a guaranty of the poet's rhythm. The critical punctuation of the text, he claims, has never been so carefully attended to before, except in disputed passages; and though, as he justly says, each case is not in itself of much importance, yet the sum of all the cases of similar

\* "The Works of William Shakespeare, etc. By Richard Grant White." 12 vols. crown 8vo. Boston, 1858-1865.

"Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an essay on his Genius, etc. By Richard Grant White." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. 1 vol. cr. 8vo.

neglect is of great importance—a truth that Michael Angelo well expressed in his famous reply, that trifles make perfection, though perfection is no trifle.

It is perhaps the natural tendency of analytical criticism to strive to go below the surface on all occasions needlessly. We may point the moral with a case in hand. Shakespeare, it is well known, is charged with writing an epitaph on a neighbor:

"Who lies in this tomb?  
Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

Heretofore the commentators have agreed upon a double meaning to the proper name, connecting it somehow with a measure of corn, the aptness of which Mr. White does not see, and, in his turn, asserts that the same name "involves of course" the sharp punning alternative of "'tis my John ha' come." Now we must think that to common folk the point of the epitaph is simply confined to the natural meaning of the words, which are neither sharpened nor intensified by one pun or the other. We can cite but one other instance where Mr. White seems to us a little too wise in his own conceit—a state induced perhaps by a habit of accuracy which may sometimes find distinctions without a difference. Jonson, it will be remembered, said of Shakespeare that

"He was not of an age, but for all time,"

which, by common love of verbal antithesis, is oftenest quoted,

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

Mr. White charges the commonalty with a misconception of Jonson's meaning. They might have habitually quoted it,

"He was not of an age, but of all time,"

and their own sense of the meaning would have been equally preserved, which we take to be that there was nothing local or temporary in Shakespeare's genius—this and nothing more; and it is not added to in any appreciable degree by any nicety of discrimination such as Mr. White contends for. We are somewhat surprised at this refinement on our editor's part, especially since he has fully acknowledged the futility of wire-drawn exegesis of Shakespeare, and says with propriety that he not unfrequently shows a singular felicity in framing phrases which convey ideas by mere suggestion, and which at once fill mind and ear with a satisfaction, the reason for which escapes close analysis.

Under such head we may place those various peculiar and irregular forms of speech which Mr. White thinks are strewn too thickly through his pages to be the mere fault of pen or type, and which rather arise from Shakespeare's freer purposes as a writer for the stage and not for the press, which allowed him not so punctually to strive to attain the same faultless perspicacity of expression and clear syntactical coherence. That Mr. White should blame other editors for correcting these departures from modern idiomatic usage is most proper, but it unadvisedly leads him to assert that there is no reason for printing Shakespeare's text either in this, or in any other respect, as if it were written yesterday; and he makes this assertion in the same volume where he has generally discarded Shakespeare's orthographical usages for those of the present day. We do not deny the propriety of the editor's change in spelling, especially as he makes exceptions in cases of rhythmical requirements, but only mention it as an instance where his over-nicety leads him to erroneous conclusions in thought, which his practice forbids.

There are frequent cases of a similar discrepancy of rule and usage in these editorial essays. The Memoir, for instance, is a professed reduction of all the investigations of preceding Shakespearians to a lucid continuity of fact and observation, together with the results of his mental balance of diversity of opinion and evidence. He could not have written such a memoir except these investigators had gone before, and yet he jeers at their accumulations. A fact in biography, however simple or ordinary, is of importance when a Shakespeare is the subject of it, not only for its own sake, but because it is impossible to tell what enhanced value some future developments may give it. They are to be treasured like the seemingly useless discoveries in natural science, which, by a chance turn of a crucible, may at any time become a connecting link in some great progressive step of humanity. Consequently, how unwise, on their face and by de-

duction, are such remarks as our author chooses to make of the supposition that Shakespeare had pursued the study of the law. "Suppose it proved," he says, "what have we learned? Nothing peculiar to Shakespeare, but merely what was true of a great number of other young men his cotemporaries." To what narrow limits would biography be reduced if we must reject all associations in common with our fellow-men! Many of Shakespeare's cotemporaries married, and yet Mr. White is not willing to pass by the poet's marriage as of no account in an estimate of his character. The world knows the story of the "second-best bed," and the too early lying-in of Mistress Shakespeare, and, somewhat jealous of his fame, has been very willing to accept Mr. Charles Knight's comforting assurance, that there was nothing in it but what was in accordance with the customs of his day. Our new biographer, reviewing the matter, tells us we are guilty of stubborn and unwise idolatry to resist such evidence as is adduced to the contrary; and although he repeatedly scouts the idea that Shakespeare in his plays can be deemed speaking in his own persons, and ridicules those who have adduced from isolated passages any testimony in favor of the particular kind of apprenticeship he might have followed in early life, yet he does not hesitate to use this same dubious testimony to show that he suffered from an ill-assorted matrimonial connection.

Having thus seen Mr. White's tendency to keep to the worse phase of the matrimonial question, we were not prepared for another expression of his contrary impulses. Sundry documents brought to light have shown that Shakespeare could occasionally be litigious, and had sued his debtors. What have these things to do with Shakespeare? Mr. White asks. Why awake from slumber the empty echoes of their living strife? One might well retort that nothing but a stubborn idolatry could fail to see in such disclosures some very interesting tokens of a life in which we have so much interest. Perhaps, however, we should not remark them, because it was a condition he shared with other men, his cotemporaries. Again, in the same spirit, he asserts that it is remote from the purposes of biography to ascertain what income Shakespeare enjoyed. We may think this conclusion strange in any event, but particularly if it be arrived at by one who holds that Shakespeare did not write for the love of writing—which is hard to believe—but simply to acquire a competence; and so fixed in this purpose was he, that, had he lived in our day, we should have had a great merchant instead of a great poet. One would think it suitable to biography to know of a man whose aim in life was pecuniary consideration, what success he had in acquiring it.

We can cite in conclusion but one other instance of Mr. White's way of disposing of mooted questions. It is in regard to the identity of the Mr. W. H. of the dedication of the Sonnets. "I have," he says, "no opinion on the subject which is at all satisfactory to me, or perhaps even worthy of the reader's serious attention; but," he adds, "a profound German, Herr Barnstorff, and an acute Frenchman, Monsieur Philarete Chasles, have conceived and even printed, and men of Shakespeare's race have actually discussed, theories upon this subject." It may accordingly be a piece of effrontery in us to offer a suggestion; but we beg Mr. White's sufferance. Our acquaintance with the subject is not so thorough that we can positively say it has never been proposed before, but we do not recollect to have seen it. The reader may remember that these Sonnets were printed as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," a personal form of title that their author never used in those poems whose printing he is known to have authorized, though the unauthorized publisher of one of his plays, the previous year, gave it a similar emphatic designation: "Mr. William Shakespeare, His Tragedy of King Lear." The sonnets are rather inconsequential in their arrangement, and seemingly collected by their publisher as waifs in literary circles. There is some ground for thinking they may have been written vicariously for different persons, which would relieve Shakespeare of the seeming vanity of promising long fame to their author, which declaration appears in them. With this in mind, there would have been no doubt as to the person intended had the publisher's dedication read: "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. S., all hap-

piness and that eternity promised by our ver-living poet, wishes the well-wishing advaturer setting forth, T. T." To make a mystery of it, then initials as printed are "Mr. W. H." If we were allowed to imitate Mr. White, and exercise a considerable belief in the errors of script and the acciders of the printing-room, we should say it was not a unlike mishap that an H should get in the place of an S in the composing-stick, and equally easy for it to escape the eye of the proof-reader of successive editions, knowing how errors of this kind are frequently perpetrated in the early reprints of Shakespeare, as the editor's collations have shown us. With this substitution the term *begetter* is plain at once, and the seeming discrepancy of wishing Shakespeare the fulfillment of his own vain promise is quite characteristic of a man who could perpetrate the doubling phrase at the end. Moreover, the personal title would come naturally from a publisher who dedicates a collection of waifs, gathered from many hands, to their author, with an assurance to the public that it was the "only begetter" of what had been thought the productions of others by his vicarious rendering.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

"Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President of the United States." T. J. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. 1865. Pp. 306.

THAT the terrible struggle through which the nation has passed during the last four years has given birth to more good poetry of the martial sort than is to be found in the whole range of English literature, was remarked by us in one of the early numbers of THE ROUND TABLE, and we have seen no reason to change or modify the opinion which we then expressed. If anything could change it, it would be the alarming amount of bad verse contained in a volume lately published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, and entitled "Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln." The number of these tributes may be conjectured (we have not had patience enough to count them) when we state that most of them are short, and that, collectively, they spoil 306 closely-printed pages of excellent paper, which might easily have been put to better use. Several of our best poets sing the calamity which befel us in the "taking off" of the President, but, for the most part, they are below their usual standard. Mr. Bryant, for instance, who open the volume, is not up to the mark; nor Mr. Holms, who furnishes a hymn of four stanzas; nor Mrs. Julia Ward Howe whose verses recall the famous song, "Written by a Person of Quality;" nor the sisters Alice and Phoebe Cary, the former of whom replies, rather querulously, to the really good poem which Mr. Lincoln's assassination wrung from *Punch*. The suddenness of the sorrow, the greatness of the bereavement, seemed to unman the poets of America, as it did for the moment the great majority of their countrymen. They were too astounded to sing, and should not have attempted to do so. Their followers, however—the humble individuals who shroud their brightness in initials, and who shine as Anonymous—reveled as never before. And if they and their immediate friends will only purchase each a copy of these "Poetical Tributes," at least one edition of the volume will be sold. The thought that any man of eminence in this country may be celebrated as Mr. Lincoln was, lends additional terrors to death.

#### ART.

##### AMERICAN ART AND ARTISTS.

MR. LA FARGE sent nothing to the Academy, and we are sincerely sorry to hear that he has not been in good health during the last season. We hope that his hand will soon be busy again; we cannot afford to lose the picture which he will paint when he fulfills the promise made by his early work. Mr. C. C. Coleman exhibited an elaborate picture, in which we had to regret the labor and real skill wasted on a very uninteresting subject. Good practice, however, which Mr. Coleman will one day find of great service to him.

The mountebanks of the Academy, Messrs. Rossiter and Lang, played their usual amount of antics before high heaven. Mr. Rossiter had a family group on a piazza somewhere, which, although smaller, was hardly inferior to



that masterpiece of disconnected platitudes which he calls the "Home of Washington." Mr. Lang, not to be outdone, exhibited another group of portraits representing an assortment of figures, selected from fashion-plates, preparing for a boat-race. Our only consolation in looking at it arose from the conviction, that those of the party who were not prematurely drowned by walking into the water in fits of absence of mind—and absence of mind is painfully prevalent in Mr. Lang's subject—would be sure to come to grief if once they set foot in the boats, which were represented not only in every known style of collision, but in several which were supplied by the teeming youthful fancy of the artist for this special occasion. We laugh at such work as this of Lang, Rossiter, Weir, and Hicks. Is there any other Academy from which the unconcealed ridicule of the public would not long since have driven such libels upon all that is respectable in art? Is it possible that there is any one so bereft of perception as to tolerate it, much less to like it? Or is it merely the inexhaustible conceit of the men themselves that causes, year after year, this discreditable display?

Mr. Charles Moore, on the other hand, seems to be steadily pursuing a course of discipline that will, in time, carry him far in advance of all landscape painters on this side the water. His method of study is a genuine attempt to record the truth of nature by simple and natural means, and with all the fullness of detail possible. Patient study and delight will unfold to him the open secret of nature, and unceasing, undaunted labor will give him the mastery of a language in which to interpret the song that has welled from her heart for ages, and which is so little heeded or understood. For the rest, the only motives for work shall be the delight of working, the delight of learning, the delight of imparting. When lower motives assert themselves—the necessity of pleasing a patron, the necessity of having things not necessary, the necessity of being lazy and copying one's own work—Mr. Moore will, we hope, cease working at his art. The critics, generally, recognized the admirable qualities of Mr. Moore's work. The only drawback to its excellence was the weakness of the color, and its untruth, besides. Mr. Moore must, we think, beware how he allows his love for delicate color to degenerate into feebleness and no-color. His drawing is so strong, his perception of form so acute, that we think he might safely trust a little to the skill he has already gained in that direction, and devote himself to the development of his color. But, to so sincere an artist and so patient a student, we can only respectfully offer a suggestion—advice would be an impertinence.

Mr. Griswold's picture, "A December Morning," though not so interesting a picture as that of last year—owing to the absence of the humanity which lightened that one—was yet a really fine picture. Fine more in promise than in accomplishment, however, because it showed that the artist is not yet a full believer in the necessity for study of detail; does not—or did not, indeed—fully understand what the word "study" means. It may be that he does not like to put much detail into his pictures; that his aim is what is called "effect" and "breadth." We admit that he has a right to sing his song in his own way, but he must first earn the right to sing it. Nothing but long study of the detail of nature can give the power to paint the "effect" of nature; and any attempt to paint this "effect" without having first mastered the detail will have one of two results: the pictures will either be monstrosities, caricatures, exaggerations—splendid delusions in the hand of a man of genius, but still delusions; or the artist, having gained knowledge sufficient to make one lucky hit, will go on repeating it until he and the spectator are alike wearied. Nothing but constant study of nature and the accumulation of knowledge can make a living poet or painter capable of enriching and animating the world. Perception may do much; it is, perhaps, vital. But, after all, what is perception but another name for a power which enables the poet or the painter to attain the result we demand with the least possible expenditure of time? We by no means wish to intimate that Mr. Griswold would refuse assent to our proposition. On the contrary, we believe that he would agree to it; but has he the patience, the will, to do what is demanded? His picture of this year shows a falling off from that of last year. This falling off was felt in spite of the great merit of the work, and we wait with real interest for the result of this summer's work, which, we believe, will show that Mr. Griswold has still a true hand and a true heart, loyal to nature and to what is highest in himself.

We shall pass by in silence Mr. Farrer's pictures, because we cannot speak of them at length, and do not wish to condemn without giving good reasons. Thus much we may say, however: that these reasons have been given in other quarters so clearly and abundantly that they ought, it seems to us, to be irresistible. Another year will show whether Mr. Farrer is capable of learning, or

whether he is determined to astonish rather than to teach—to puzzle rather than to persuade. We will believe it when we must, and not before.

It is superfluous to praise Mr. Eastman Johnson, whose drawing and power of expression go on bettering year by year, but whose color does not improve in the same degree. He is, by all odds, our most excellent painter of genre subjects; has few rivals anywhere. Mr. Winslow Homer, too, is earning an honorable name. He sometimes makes us tremble a little; but such a picture as his "Light and Shade" would seem to make permanent distrust ridiculous.

Mr. Benson, after his attempt at heroics in last year's gallery, seems to have settled down again upon his lay-figure and his one idea. Of course, he would be simply a wonder if his work showed any improvement. A painter must have some shadow of principle in order to produce work worthy of being looked at for a serene half hour, and Mr. Benson seems to have less purpose and, of course, less power every year.

We have said nothing about the new Academy building, in which the Fortieth Exhibition was held. New Yorkers will think it an old story by this time, but it is really too important an event in our architectural history to be passed by without notice. We shall shortly speak of it as it deserves.

#### ART NOTES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A FULL-LENGTH statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Dr. Rimmer, of Boston, has been presented to that city by one of her wealthy citizens (Mr. Lee), and has just been placed on its pedestal in the middle of the new Commonwealth Avenue. The material of the statue is granite of an extremely close grain, the quartz, feldspar, and mica being so intimately blended as to produce a very uniform light gray color. The fineness of the texture and the delicacy of the tint would surprise most persons, for the granite we see commonly employed for building purposes is coarse and has a mottled look. The granite of which this statue is made is from the same quarry from which that used in the new Boston City Hall was taken, and the sculptor has looked, in choosing it in preference to marble, both to its greater power to withstand the severity of the climate, and to its better color, avoiding the glare of the whiter stone, but, also, as it seems to us, losing the telling effect of shadow. The effect is, to our thinking, very unfortunate, for it is extremely difficult to get a clear view of the face, to say nothing of the body. The head, modeled after a cast from Ceracchi's bust of Hamilton—a fine production—appears to be a reasonable likeness; but the figure is unsatisfactory. Dr. Rimmer, who usually has a reason for what he does, has adopted the old expedient of supporting the body by the drapery which, drawn over the left shoulder and brought round under the right arm, falls to the ground behind in a confused mass of folds, and does duty, in this time-honored disguise, for the support which the older sculptors so frankly avowed. This is not the place to discuss the question, how to treat the modern costume; but we may safely record our dissatisfaction with the way in which Dr. Rimmer has met the difficulty. He is a man of undoubted ability and a most instructive teacher, but we venture to think that, in the statue of Hamilton, he has insisted on certain mechanical theories at the expense of his statue as a work of art.

Boston seems determined to have statues of her great men, let them be good or bad. Both in quantity and, we regret to add, quality, she is fast becoming a rival to London, in which city it has for a long time been unsafe for any great man to die, unless his counterfeit presentment should come to be made by Foley or Lough, or some one of the hundred English mediocrities of that ilk. Miss Stebbins may thank Dr. Rimmer for drawing off the popular and critical eye for a time from her Horace Mann to his Hamilton; and Powers, also, may thank Miss Stebbins for making people forget the baggy and ill-fitting breeches of his Webster in the baggier and worse-fitting ones of the great educator. But a lady is not expected to be a tailor, and Miss Stebbins has evidently felt all a woman's weakness in that field, and has accepted with delight the infallible resort of a gown, which does for the statue, in holding it up, what its legs would never have been sufficient for. The full absurdity of the style which, for want of a better name, we venture to call the draggle tail style, is seen in this statue, although the drapery is better managed than in the statue of Hamilton. But the attitude and action of the Horace Mann are, unfortunately, clumsy and unmeaning, and spoil the effect of the head, in which a good deal of character and likeness has been secured. The statue is of gold-bronze on a stone pedestal, and stands opposite the Webster, on the left hand side of the steps leading up to the State House.

The new school of fine arts building presented to Yale

College by Mr. Augustus Russell Street, a graduate of the college, is rapidly approaching completion, and will be roofed in this fall. It is designed by Mr. P. N. Wight, of this city—the architect of the National Academy of Design—and is a thoroughly excellent piece of constructive architecture. The plan of the building includes, on the first floor, studios for painters and sculptors, lecture-room, and, in the upper story, two large galleries for the exhibition of pictures and statues, and a room for the collection of engravings and photographs. The material of the exterior is red sandstone, with sills, lintels, water-tables, and the voussours of the arches of a sandstone of a different tint. The pillars of the main entrance are of native red sienite—the first ever polished in this country.

It is proposed to exhibit in this city during the coming winter a collection of pictures by modern English artists, a thing greatly to be desired. We trust the project is in the right hands, and that an effort will be made to let us see good work by the men who are making a splendid name for the English art of the latter half of the century. Will not some one, whose pride in his countrymen outweighs his desire for pecuniary benefit, take pains to let Mr. G. A. Sala's "barbarians" see one or two first-rate works by such men as Dante G. Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, William Hunt, J. F. Lewis, Leighton, J. C. Hook, Wallis, Arthur Hughes, Brett, and a few others, whose names are much better known among us than their works. Mr. Whistler, who is said to be an American, might have the grace, we think, to let us see at least one of those pictures which seem to have equally puzzled and delighted the critics of the last exhibition, and of which the art world of London seems to have carried away an impression of remarkable fancy, coupled with an astonishing manipulation and intense feeling for color. If you please, Mr. Whistler, just one!

A letter from Paris, in a late number of the *Athenæum*, gives an interesting account of the discovery of a pottery-kiln formerly used by Bernard Palissy. The discovery was made by some workmen who were engaged in excavations for the foundations of an addition which is to be made to the Tuileries, and who came upon a mass of brick-work which, fortunately, excited the curiosity of a Mr. Berty, who is interested in researches relating to the antiquities of Paris, and who at once suspected that the ruinous heap might be connected with the world-famous man and potter, Bernard Palissy. On investigation, there seemed no room for doubt that the kiln was the very one which he used in 1570, when employed in making a garden grotto for Catherine de' Medici. Curiously enough, there was found a few years ago, in an old curiosity shop at Rochelle, a manuscript by Palissy, which contains a description of the grotto as he proposed to make it; and in the ruins of the pottery now discovered are several molds, some entire and some broken, evidently taken, as was Palissy's habit, direct from nature, and which correspond, if we may believe the published account, most strikingly with details of the grotto as described in the manuscript. Among these molds is one of a creature composed entirely of shells; others have been taken from the human body, and others again represent "extraordinary costumes composed of strange, coarse, ornamented stuff, and other materials." It can hardly be doubted that these are the very things alluded to in the manuscript, when it speaks of—"an otter, which will be all formed of divers marine shells, that is to say, the two eyes of two shells, the nose, mouth, chin, forehead, cheeks, all of shells, and so of the whole body. . . . Item, I would also make two or three others, dressed and coiffed in foreign fashion, with various striped cloths, stuffs, and substances, made to resemble so closely that no man should doubt their being the things themselves."

It is probable that this discovery will lead to a further examination, and it may reasonably be hoped that the grotto itself will be discovered.

The National Portrait Gallery (English) promises to be a valuable collection. It already contains over three hundred pictures, of which about half have been purchased from the fund granted by Parliament, and the rest have been either presented or bequeathed. By an arrangement which strikes us Americans as extremely whimsical, the trustees are obliged to return to the Treasury whatever portion of the annual grant of £1,500 remains unexpended at the end of the year! To this singularly narrow and unwise regulation the *Reader* charges many of the deficiencies of the collection and much of what appears like bad management on the part of the trustees. Two instances are given which illustrate the bad working of the present arrangement. When Copley's fine portrait of Admiral Duncan was offered for sale by Lord Lyndhurst's executors, the trustees—not having been able to accumulate any fund—had no money with which to purchase it, and it was bought by other parties; while, during the present year, a wretched likeness of Cobden has been added

to the collection simply because it could be had for a small sum. During the past year there have been several valuable additions. Among them are three fine portraits by Sir Watson Gordon, presented to the nation by his family: one of Lord Dalhousie, another of De Quincey, and the third of Christopher North. The Duke of Buccleuch has also presented a portrait of Campbell, by Lawrence, and a portrait of Keats, by Hilton; while the trustees have purchased, besides the picture of Cobden, before alluded to, two heads of Southey and Coleridge, by a Bristol artist, named Vandyke, and a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, by an unknown hand.

It is high time that we in America were laying the foundation of a national portrait gallery. The materials are much richer than would be supposed, and it is greatly to be desired that they should be centralized somewhere by degrees, instead of being scattered far and wide, as they are at present, and as is likely to be still more the case in future, as our great cities grow and become ambitious to form collections, museums, etc. While New York remains sunk in her present apathy, so well typified by her Historical Society, it is not to be hoped that anything will be done here. It will remain for Boston or Chicago to take the initiative; and, when they do, farewell to any hopes of New York ever recovering her lost advantage.

The *salon* of '65 brought out no new men to rival the matured masters of the French School. Corot, Jules Breton, and Cabanel won the highest honors, and the latter received the medal for the portrait of the Emperor. But even the works of the forementioned painters were not sufficient to protect French art from the charge of being on the decline.

Cabanel's portrait of the Emperor is said to exhibit great talent, but, beyond the perfect painting of the material of the picture, it is not remarkable. "M. Cabanel has talent, but he lacks nobleness of expression, and it is to his negative qualities that he owes his admission into the *salon* of honor as well as the medal he obtained."

It was said that the jury of the French exhibition hesitated between the pictures of Corot, Jules Breton, and Cabanel. Certainly a creditable hesitation, although, under the Empire and with a portrait of the Emperor, the decision might have been predicted. "After voting twenty-eight times Mr. Corot was sacrificed to Mr. Cabanel, and painting to the Emperor." Many amateurs thought Jules Breton entitled to the medal.

Meissonnier's pictures seem to weary the critics in Paris, and his style is described as "cold and fatiguing."

It seems he has a son who paints the same class of pictures as himself, knowing which, a wag made the following epitaph for the illustrious father's tomb: "Here lies Mr. Meissonnier—a good husband, a good parent, and a good citizen. His inconsolable widow has the honor to inform the public that his son continues the business, and will do all in his power to satisfy his father's customers."

Judging from the character of the works in the last Royal Academy Exhibition, and also of those in the *salon* of '65, landscape painting is on the decline, or was but meagerly represented in England and France during the past year.

## LITERARIANA.

### AMERICAN.

AMONG the number of illustrated books to be issued during the ensuing season we doubt if there will be a handsomer one than a volume on the Central Park, on which Mr. A. F. Bellows has been most of the summer at work, and which Messrs. Bunce & Huntington have in preparation. We have seen quite a number of Mr. Bellows's drawings (of which, by the way, there are to be seventy-five in all), and can testify to their delicate beauty and artistic finish, as well as their fidelity to the scenes delineated. Mr. Bellows seems to have studied the Park until he got it by heart,—all its quiet nooks and sylvan retreats, its bits of wood and water, its rambles, bridges, rocks, and ruins,—and then to have set to work, *con amore*, to make a landscape poem out of it, or rather a series of little landscape idylls and lyrics, each set to its own tune of light or shade, and all in harmony with the spirit of the spot. A good volume on the Central Park—something between a guide-book and a descriptive prose-poem—is needed, and we trust will be supplied by the one announced. At any rate, Mr. Bellows has done his share towards such a volume, which, in the present state of book-illustration in this country, is the main thing after all.

*Appropos* of illustrated works, the most unique which will be published this fall are a couple of children's books by Mr. H. L. Stephens, whom the young folks will remember as the comical gentleman who made pic-

tures last year for "A Frog he would a-Wooing go," and the "Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin." They cannot have forgotten those wonderful old nursery stories, whatever else they have forgotten in the shape of good little boys who never told stories, and bad ones who seldom told anything else; small families who traveled all over Europe, Asia, and Africa; and impossible little drummers who went through dreadful campaigns with Burnside or Butler. Mr. Stephens opened a new vein on this side of the water when he illustrated the nursery romances just mentioned, and we are glad to see that he has worked it further, and that the yield continues as pure as at the beginning. Of his last two nuggets of fun, "The House that Jack Built," and "Old Mother Hubbard," the ore of which is fifteen carats fine (there are fifteen fine illustrations in each, we mean), we hardly know which is the best, but rather incline ourselves to the former. The title-page, "Jack's House," which, by-the-by, is a barn framed in a hunter's horn, from the broad end of which issues the hurly-burly of a chase, men and horses struggling together, dogs trying to run up the circle on one side, and men trying to climb it on the other—the title-page, we say, is exceedingly grotesque. Excellent, also, is the "man all tattered and torn" (a broth of a Tipperary boy), "the priest all shaven and shorn," "the cock that crowed in the morn," and "the horse of graceful form,"—a hobby, the last, which we do not remember to have met with in our own juvenile days. "Mother Hubbard's" wonderful "dog" looks intelligent enough to start a happy family on his own account, or to direct a bull-frog *matinée*, which, we believe, is the latest novelty in natural history. Of his many achievements, that of feeding the cat strikes us as the drollest, and next to that his riding the goat, *a la* Eaton Stone, or whoever may be the ruling favorite of the sawdust ring. Admirable, too, is "Mother Hubbard," apparently a maternal Celt, whom nothing that the dog does appears to surprise, though her dumpy features indicate solicitude, haste, delight, and politeness. We pray Mr. Stephens to continue this series of comicalities.

Messrs. George P. Philes & Co. have in press what ought to be a valuable as well as curious addition to bibliography—"Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima." The object of this publication is to give a list and critical account of all the works relating to America published in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, France, England, Holland, and Mexico, from the time of its discovery by Columbus to the year 1551—a period of fifty-nine years, abounding in publications relating to the new-found world. Upwards of two hundred letters have been collected by the editor, and copied from the original works themselves, nearly all of which are in the possession of American collectors—a list unexampled for fullness, as may be gathered from the fact that Ternaux gives only fifty-eight, and Rich only twenty of its titles. The edition will be limited to 500 copies, 99 of which will be on large paper. The price of the latter will be \$20 per copy; of the former, \$10. The work will be published some time during the present autumn.

A controversy is going on between the relations of the late Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic explorer, and a lady who says she was his wife, and is his widow, and who is about to publish a volume of his letters to herself, written during the days of their courtship, real or supposititious, as the case may be. The cause of this proceeding on her part is the refusal of "the party of the other part" to do her justice in a pecuniary point of view, by the payment of a certain sum, or certain sums, of money, left, or said to be left, her, if we remember rightly, by Dr. Kane in his will. To right herself, and probably to determine her *status* as maid, wife, or widow, the lady in question—who was known at an early period of her life as one of the Fox sisters, Miss Margueretta Fox, we believe—will make public so much of the correspondence of Dr. Kane as relates to herself, and is in her possession. Mr. G. W. Carleton is to be her publisher.

### FOREIGN.

THE poetical event of the year so far is the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of Mr. Swinburne, who can hardly be a very young man, we know nothing further than what one of his reviewers tells us: that he "is of the ancient Northumberland stock, in whose genealogy is found the romantic story of the child carried off to France in its infancy, there left forgotten in the confusion of the great Civil War, and who would have ended his days in some obscure monastery instead of transmitting an English baronetcy through a long line of energetic country gentlemen but for the accidental recognition of his family features by a stranger, who brought him home and established him in his patrimonial inheritance. Of that line, too, came the traveler, Henry Swinburne, who, so to say, opened Spain to the

British public, and who remained, up to the days of Ford, the most trustworthy of the describers of that country." We have said that Mr. Swinburne can hardly be a young man, judging from the maturity shown in every page of his noble poem; besides this, we have a sort of indistinct recollection of his having already published one, and possibly more, volume of verse. "Atalanta in Calydon" is a tragedy based on the old Greek models; and, with the exception of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Merope," is the most notable one of the time. We do not believe that it is possible to revive a taste for Greek tragedy, "pure and simple," not even among readers of the most catholic taste; but, if it were, Mr. Swinburne is the man to whom we should look for as much of Æschylus as a modern Englishman could contain. His tragedy abounds in power and sublimity—the latter of the shadowy, strange, Æschylean order, informed with the dread, the vast, the unknown, darkened with

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power."

The fate-clement runs through it, terrible, inexorable, destroying. Here is one of its choruses which reminds us of nothing modern, unless it be some of the Greek choruses of Shelley:

"Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,  
And madness, risen from hell;  
Strength, without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death.

"And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the laboring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.  
From the winds of the north and the south  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the walls of the soul therein,  
A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty, and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire;  
With his lips he travaileth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep."

"Atalanta in Calydon," we are happy to say, will soon be reprinted by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

While on the subject of Greek tragedies, we may mention that Mr. Richard Henry Horne, an old if not very well known English poet, has lately tried his hand at this difficult species of composition, in the shape of "Prometheus the Fire-Bringer," an attempt to complete the Promethean trilogy, of which the surviving play of Æschylus is the continuation, and the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley the conclusion. It is the rashest thing that Mr. Horne has ever done, which is saying much. As a dramatic poet he is entitled to respect, while as a writer of epics he is much above the average of his cotemporaries. His "Orion" is a remarkable performance, and but for the absurd way in which he published it, viz.: in limited editions at one farthing a copy, it would probably have won him a reputation. He had his joke, however,—and paid for it, as most writers do when they trifle with that strange nondescript—the Public. Mr. Horne is at present in Australia, where he laid violent hands on the old Greek hero, "working without books, in the midst of labors of a very different kind." Nothing in his tragedy,—indeed the whole of it,—is worth the last line of his description of the first appearance of "Orion:"

"The scene in front two sloping mountains' sides  
Displayed: in shadow one, and one in light.  
The loftiest on its summit now sustained  
The sun-beams, raying like a mighty wheel  
Half-seen, which left the forward surface dark  
In its full breadth of shade; the coming sun  
Hidden as yet behind: the other mount,



Slanting transverse, swept with an eastward face,  
Catching the golden light. Now, while the peal  
Of the ascending chase told that the rout  
Still midway rent the thickets, suddenly  
Along the broad and sunny slope appeared  
The shadow of a stag that fled across,  
Followed by a giant's shadow with a spear."

Mr. J. Payne Collier, of whom we spoke last week, and who has just finished the publication, in three parts, of "Tottel's Miscellany," the earliest poetical collection in the language (1557), proposes to reprint "The Paradise of Dainty Devices." "I have in my possession," he says, "a unique copy of the second (in point of date) of our poetical miscellanies—'The Paradise of Dainty Devices.' It originally came out nineteen years after the publication by Tottel of the poems of Surrey, Wyatt, and their cotemporaries. It includes pieces of a corresponding character by their immediate successors, and is said to have been edited by the famous Richard Edwards, who sought about among his literary friends for productions of their pens, which he wished to include in his volume. It was reprinted, in a very unsightly manner, in 1810, from the impression of 1576; and although great pains were bestowed upon it, not a few mistakes crept into it. The edition in my hands is of 1578, and it comprises various poems which are not found in the impression of 1576, nor in that of 1580, or any subsequent years. That they are valuable will be sufficiently testified by the names of some of the authors, such as Edwards, Whetstone, Hunnis, Churchyard, and Lords Oxford and Vaux. Moreover, it shows that not a few of the pieces inserted in 1576, and there assigned to different poets, were wrongly assigned, and that they really belong to other popular and well-known authors. In fact, the edition of 1578 (of which the only existing copy is now before me) seems to have been intended to set right the mistakes of the previous impression of 1576; and on this account, if on no other, it is exceedingly valuable. True it is that it was once seen, and only seen, by the person who superintended the reprint of 1810, and in quoting merely the title of it he committed no fewer than four distinct errors."

The "person" whom he mentions was probably Mr. Joseph Hazlewood, an indefatigable literary drudge, who helped Sir Egerton Brydges on his various publications, and who knew about as much about poetry as a horse. His reprint of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" is full of blunders, as he himself discovered, when it was too late to correct them, save in his own copy, which is now in this city, and which is a marvel of bad proof-reading.

The reprint of Mr. Collier will cost in the neighborhood of one pound sterling, a slight sum, surely, for so curious and valuable a book. He promises others in addition to it. "I hope in this way," he says, "sight and health permitting, to furnish the libraries of my correspondents with a succession of highly interesting reproductions. People in general are not aware how imperfectly these separate and most rare collections of English poetry have, from time to time, been multiplied. Take, for example, 'The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions,' 1578, which forms a portion of Park's 'Heliconia.' In it, besides many other blunders, two whole pages are omitted; while in 'The Phoenix Nest,' which did not come out until 1593 (also reprinted by Park), six stanzas, in as many different places, are left out, as far as we can judge, from the sheer carelessness of the transcriber, and that in a poem by no less a man than the celebrated Robert Greene, the best performance of the kind, beyond dispute, that ever proceeded from his pen. The other errors (minor only in comparison) are almost innumerable. 'England's Helicon,' in which nearly all the poets prior to the year 1600 figure, more or less prominently, including Shakespeare, Marlowe, Lodge, Greene, Peel, etc., has never been reprinted from the earliest impression. This work, with Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' 1602, would complete my series of 'Poetical Miscellanies,' if I be allowed to continue them. They will be uniform in size and type."

## PERSONAL.

### AMERICAN.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, U. S. Consul to Venice, is now in this city on a leave of absence from his consulate. Mr. Howells left the country some four years since, a young poet, whose reputation, if not as extended as could have been wished, was yet a positive one among those who had watched his poetical career, and he returns the riper for his pleasant summering in Italy, with poems enough, we hear, to make a volume. He has also ready, or nearly so, a collection of prose sketches, descriptive of Venetian life and manners, which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are to publish. A late number of the *North*

*American* contains a paper from his pen on "Modern Italian Comedy."

Mrs. Hardinge, better known as "Belle Boyd," is about to try her fortune on the London stage, in what rôle is not stated, but probably one in which she will figure as a persecuted, but defiant Southern heroine. "The Maiden of Manassas" wouldn't be a bad title for a drama for her.

Mr. William Chambers, the head of the famous publishing firm, will be proposed for the next Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

Mr. Robert Hughes sends us the following sonnet, which faithfully reflects the drowsy spirit of the season:

#### *Dolce far Niente.*

With half-closed eyes within the swaying boat,  
I dream upon the beauty of the day;  
The world with all its noise is far away,  
I only hear the cricket's endless note  
That mars not silence,—seeming but to be  
Its echo,—and the never-ceasing beat  
Of restless ripples tossing dreamily;  
Upon the boughs that shade me from the heat  
The birds sit fearlessly within my sight,  
Close to me nods a golden butterfly,  
Unstartled are the shining fish below;  
Surely, if I can read this day aright,  
'Tis better to lie thus, unfeared, than row  
With sounding oars that scatter and affright.

His translation of Dante, of which we spoke a couple of weeks since, being finished, Professor Longfellow is now occupied in writing the necessary notes, which will no doubt be as full as the translation itself is careful, and which will delay for a time the publication of the work.

Professor Lowell is busy on a second series of his "Biglow Papers," to which he is adding new matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz will soon publish a volume of "Seaside Studies."

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to be writing a series of essays for the *Atlantic Monthly*, while Professor Holmes and Mrs. Stowe are engaged in the same genial occupation. We presume the third will be heard from in the early numbers of the new volume.

Mr. Henry Howard Brownell will soon publish a new volume of poems through Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who, we have no doubt, will make it successful—a feat which his New York publisher was not able to accomplish with his first volume, although it contained a number of striking poems, one or more of which were copied by us in the first volume of THE ROUND TABLE.

Mrs. Lydia M. Childs has a new work in the press, the title of which is not stated. It is understood, however, to be of a biographical and anecdotal character.

Mr. Charles T. Brooks has finished his translation of Richter's "Hesperus," which will appear this autumn.

Notwithstanding the constant attention that Mr. Charles Lanman is obliged to devote to his "Dictionary of Congress," which has become a Government publication, we learn that he is not idle in other departments of literature. He will soon have ready for the press a revised edition of the Southern series of his "Adventures in the Wilds of America," which was so warmly recommended by the late Washington Irving, and also a volume of miscellaneous essays entitled "Hap-Hazard Papers."

### FOREIGN.

THE lovers of famous localities will be sorry to learn that the Tabard, or Talbot, Inn, at Southwark, celebrated as the scene of the Introduction to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," is to be pulled down before long, in order that a "pile of warehouses" may be built on its site. The White Hart, close to the Tabard, a house mentioned in Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," and famous as the scene of the introduction of Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick, has preceded it, in the demolition of noted buildings now going on in London.

The Talleyrand manuscripts, the publication of which has been postponed for twenty-five years, in accordance with the will of the last possessor, have been sent to England for safe keeping. The important papers of several French notabilities, as Guizot, Thiers, De Lamar-tine, De Montalembert, and Berryer, are already lodged in that land of political freedom, their owners not deeming them safe in their own hands.

A literary treasure has been found at Modena, in the shape of an account book, kept by Ariosto, in double entry, commencing with the year 1522, and ending with the 15th of May, 1525. It is bound in parchment, and contains nineteen leaves, each of which bears the ducal stamp of the house of Este.

The son of Kotzebue, the once famous German dramatist, is an ambassador at Dresden. He is said to have inherited a portion of his father's talent, and among his writings a new comedy is mentioned, "The Dangerous Friend," as having been produced at Dresden with success.

Mr. Talboys Wheeler has commenced a series of reprints of rare and curious narratives of old travelers in India during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The first issues are "Purchas's Pilgrimage," and the "Travels of Van Linschoten."

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### AMERICAN.

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co. announce "Mind in Nature; or, the Origin of Life, and the Modes of Development of Animals," by Henry James Clark, A.B., B.S., with over two hundred illustrations; Lecky's "History of Rationalism;" "Principles of Education," by the author of "Amy Herbert;" "The Administration of the Eve of the Rebellion," by James Buchanan; "Military and Naval History of the Rebellion in the United States;" "Life of Henry the Fifth," by G. M. Towle; "Sun-rays," by the author of "Cousin Carrie;" "Physiology of Man," by Dr. Frost; Hassard's "Life of Archbishop Hughes;" Goulburn's "Study of the Holy Scriptures;" Goulburn's "Holy Communion;" and new editions of Goulburn's "Personal Religion," and Lyell's "Geology."

Mr. W. J. Widdleton will soon publish the "Recreations of Christopher North," uniform with his edition of the "Noctes;" Disraeli's "Miscellanies of Literature," uniform with the "Curiosities;" and a new edition of Milman's "History of Christianity."

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in the press three unique children's quartos, illustrated by H. L. Stephens, in oil colors, viz.: "Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper;" "Puss in Boots;" and "Beauty and the Beast."

Mr. G. W. Carleton announces "The Business of Pleasure," and a new and improved edition of "The Game Fish of the North."

Mr. D. Van Nostrand has in the press "Frances on the Strength of Cast-Iron Pillars."

Messrs. Carlton & Porter have nearly ready "Daniel the Prophet: Nine Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford, with copious Notes," by the Rev. Geo. B. Pusey, D.D.; and William Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible, abridged from the larger Dictionary."

Messrs. Barnes & Burr will soon publish "Intermediate and Physical Geography," by James Monteith; and "Physiology and the Laws of Health," by Edward Jarvis, M.D.

Messrs. De Vries, Ibarra & Co., of Boston, announce "La Divina Commedia. Original text revised after Fraticelli and Carlo Witte. The first American edition in Italian. With English Notes (?) by an eminent American Dante scholar. Illustrated by 76 wood engravings after Gustave Doré;" and "The Language of Flowers. With colored plates and wood illustrations by Dembigny, Doré, and others."

Messrs. Sever & Francis, Cambridge, have in preparation, uniform with their "Golden Treasury" series, "A New Brief Biographical Dictionary."

### FOREIGN.

M. EUGENE PELLETAN has written three volumes on "Family," of which the first, the "Mother," has appeared; the second and third, the "Father" and the "Child," are in the press.

M. Louis Blanc has two new works in preparation, "Studies about England," which will shortly appear, and "Drawing-rooms of the Eighteenth Century," to be published during the coming winter.

M. Edgar Quinet is busy with two volumes entitled "Revolution."

M. Glais-Bizoin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is said to have written a three-act drama, "Byron's Youth."

M. Gustave Doré is about to publish his illustrated "Bible," after which he will return to Dante, whose "Purgatory" and "Paradise" will in due time appear. These works finished, he proposes to illustrate Shakespeare.

A Stuttgart publishing house announces a complete edition of the works of Edmund Höfer, one of the most successful and industrious of the modern German novelists. This collection contains no less than three hundred and forty stories from his pen,—a proof that a German can be as voluminous in fiction as in metaphysics.

A Chinese New Testament, with references, has been prepared by Mr. Gibson, of the American Methodist Mission, and is rapidly passing through the press; at the last accounts it was printed as far as the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

Mr. Thomas Purnell has in preparation a history of England during the reign of Henry VII., in which use will be made of the recent discoveries at Simancas.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

## THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO AGAIN.

IN a former article on this subject we stated that we were of the opinion that the extinction of slavery would not lead to the extermination of the colored race in the Southern States, though it might arrest their increase. We now proceed to set forth some of the reasons on which that opinion is founded.

We have noticed that those persons who maintain the probable extinction of the negro in the future, invariably support their conclusion by a reference to the fate of the North American Indian. The Indian has disappeared, therefore the negro must disappear. This argument would have irresistible force if the white man and the Indian were the only two differing races which had ever been brought into proximity and contact. But the contrary is notoriously the fact. Look at the map of the world at the present time. In India, the white Englishman and the dusky Hindoo are living side by side. In California, it is the same with the Anglo-American and the Chinese. In the British West Indies, the white man, the black man, and the yellow man dwell together, not without mutual antipathy and repugnance, but certainly without mutual destruction. The condition on which the higher and stronger race exterminates the lower and weaker is, that the latter shall resolutely persist in an attitude of antagonism and resistance to the former. This attitude the Indian has always taken and kept. But not so the negro; and not only not so, but directly the reverse. In this respect the Indian and the negro stand at opposite poles of humanity. The Indian is the type of isolation and independence; the negro, of aggregation and dependence. The Indian is solitary, moody, self-contained, self-dependent; the negro is gregarious, dependent, and with a child-like sense of enjoyment in the mere fact of being alive. The Indian always resists the white man. He will never consent to be a drawer of water and hewer of wood for the white man. But this is a relation which the negro willingly, or at least submissively, assumes. Thus, the white man allows him to live upon the condition that he will not become his rival.

As to the future of the negro, we think that his disappearance will be exactly coincident with the extent of his rivalry with the white man. The slave can never be the rival of his master, or with those of the race to which his master belongs; but it by no means follows that the extinction of slavery will create a state of rivalry between the two races. In order that there shall be rivalry, there must be a fair field; that is, a reasonable equality of conditions. Neither combatant must have any marked advantage of sun and wind. In some cases rivalry is precluded, because the conditions are so favorable to the negro. In the British West Indies, for instance, white labor can never compete with black labor, because the climate is favorable to the black man and deadly to the white man. There the white man is a sickly exotic and the black man a vigorous indigenous plant—not literally indigenous, but living upon a soil exactly congenial. We take it to be a fixed fact that in Jamaica, Trinidad, and Guiana, white agricultural labor is an impossi-

bility. Sugar, if produced at all, must be produced by the labor of negroes or of coolies.

The expression, the South, is merely a geographical generalization, like India. It includes under it very extensive regions, differing in soil, climate, and productions, but alike in this one respect, that they are all mainly agricultural rather than commercial or manufacturing. It is divided into two great portions, differing in geological structure and character—the upland and lowland regions. Everywhere south and west of New York we find, bordering on the sea, a low alluvial plain, the bed of a primitive ocean, extending from the coast from fifty to more than a hundred miles into the interior. The two regions differ in climate, soil, and productions. The upland region is very healthy, and admirably fitted for the residence of man. The lowland region is unhealthy rather than healthy, but not uniformly or extremely unhealthy, and its unhealthiness will be likely to diminish as population increases and cultivation becomes more general. It is scourged by two diseases—one occasional, the yellow fever; and one permanent, fever and ague. The yellow fever spares the negroes; but they suffer from fever and ague, though to a less extent than the whites. The fever and ague is confined, for the most part, to the rural districts, but the yellow fever prefers the cities and large towns.

But though portions of the South are unhealthy, and particular localities are more favorable to the negro than to the white man, yet the whole of it lies within the temperate zone, and no part of it is absolutely uncongenial to the white race. In every Southern State the white race has increased and multiplied, and generally in a more rapid ratio than the negroes. The white race is certainly not likely to increase any the less now that slavery is extinct, and that consequently a new impulse is given to European immigration.

Taking the elements of the problem as above stated, what is likely to be the solution as regards the negro? This question cannot be answered in the general, but the truth must be sought by parcels and in detail.

First, in the cities and large towns the free negro laborer will gradually give place to the Irish and the German. The latter represent a greater amount of vital force, and they will drive their weaker rival to the wall. This process has been going on for years in Baltimore. Forty years ago, as we have been told, the porters, stevedores, and carters were mainly negroes, but now they are mostly either Irish or Germans. Mr. Russell in his Diary states that in Louisiana, before the war, whenever there was a laborious job of trenching and ditching to be done on a plantation, the owner sent to New Orleans for a gang of Irishmen rather than employ his own negroes. He certainly would not have done this if it had not been his interest to do so. So, too, the Panama Railroad was built by Irishmen and not by negroes.

When we leave the towns and go into the agricultural regions, we must revert to the division into upland and lowland. The productions of the upland regions are principally Indian corn, wheat, and tobacco. Sugar and rice are the exclusive growth of the lowlands; while cotton is common to both, though growing more luxuriantly and cultivated more profitably in the lowlands than the uplands. When we say common to both, we mean that cotton can be grown on all parts of the lowland region, and on portions of the upland.

As regards the uplands, we believe that the extension of slavery will in them gradually lead to the displacement of negro labor by white labor, and for the simple reason that the latter is the cheaper. In other words, the land-owner in the upland region will find it more profitable to hire his labor than to own it. By the mere force of self-interest, slavery would before this have disappeared from the United States had it not been for cotton, rice, and sugar, and especially cotton. There had already been a division of the Southern States into slave-producing and slave-consuming. Virginia stands as the type of the former of these classes, and Louisiana of the latter. The extinction of slavery will prove an unqualified blessing to Virginia. We believe that the best minds in that State have long been of this opinion, and that it would

have been ere now the general sentiment of the State had not politics unfortunately arrayed the passions of the people in defense of a wrong and an evil. What is true of Virginia is also true of Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina. In all these States, sooner or later, the value of the land will be enhanced by the removal of slavery. The same cause will also increase the number of small farmers, tilling their own lands with their own hands, for the tendency of slavery always is to throw the land into the hands of large proprietors.

But in the hot and sickly lowlands we believe that negro labor will continue to be employed, and for the reason that in the struggle between the white man and the negro the latter has the advantage in adaptation to the climate. In the cultivation of rice and sugar, for instance, the white laborer cannot compete on equal terms with the black laborer, because the extreme heat which prostrates the former is congenial to the latter; and, consequently, rice and sugar will in the future be produced in the sweat of the black man's brow as they have in the past.

But when we come to the important staple of cotton we must discriminate. That cotton can be produced by white labor—nay, that as much cotton as has ever been produced in the United States can be produced by white labor—we have no doubt; and yet there are portions of the Southern territory where cotton can be grown in great abundance, and to great advantage, where the black man has nature on his side in his struggle with the white man, and where, consequently, he is likely to prevail. In these the black man will continue to labor, and thus a certain portion of the cotton produced in the United States will be the product of the black man's toil.

The people of the Southern States are neither better nor worse than the rest of mankind. Like the rest of mankind, they are governed by their interest and their passions, with this distinction, that interest is the habitual moving power and passion the occasional. Interest is sometimes passed in the chase, but is pretty sure to be in at the death. We believe that sooner or later in the Southern States the relations between the white man and the black man will be adjusted by the interests of the two, and that in a considerable portion of the South it will be the interest of the black man to give a fair day's work for his wages, and the interest of the white man to give a fair day's wages for his work. This is exactly the relation between the two races in Barbadoes, where more sugar is now produced by free labor than was formerly produced by slave labor. In these portions of the South the negro will continue to exist as a free laborer; from other portions, where white labor will be found to be more profitable, he will gradually disappear.

## WANTED—A METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER.

WHY cannot the metropolis have a truly great daily newspaper, that shall fully and fairly represent its commercial, political, and social interests? True, it can boast of four or five very fair journals; still, the discreditable fact remains that the great city of New York is without a paper to worthily represent its business and political interests. Look at the leading newspapers as they are to-day. The *Tribune*, for example, is not, in any proper sense, a photograph of the daily life of New York. It has gained its reputation and influence partly by the vigor, controversial power, and idiosyncrasies of a single individual, and partly by being the exponent of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. As a newspaper it has never been able to compete with its rivals—doubtless because its conductors have made the very common mistake of supposing that the opinions of a paper are of the first importance, whereas, in a strictly journalistic sense, they are of the least importance. The *Tribune* fills its place so far as it represents the radical anti-slavery sentiment of the American people; but as it is not the representative of the thought and life of the metropolis, and as its news columns are in every way deficient, never can it, under its present management, be the great journal of New York.

The trouble with the *Times* is that its editor is a politician, a candidate for public positions, and is fitted in many respects to adorn high political station.



If Mr. Raymond were not such an admirable debater and so well fitted for public life; if he had some of the oratorical deficiencies of General Grant, and were forced to attain to distinction through the columns of his paper, the *Times* would be a much better journal than it is, and approach much nearer than it does to realizing the idea of a great metropolitan newspaper. It is moderate in its views, keenly susceptible to fluctuations of public opinion, even to the extent of fickleness, is carefully edited, and so far has the elements which are essential to a journal that would truly represent this city.

Nor can the *World* hope to realize the ideal that we have in mind. It is enterprising, quick to discern news and give it the prominence which it may deserve, while its editorial columns show more sharpness, culture, research, and literary ability than any journal of its kind in the country. But, like the *Tribune*, it is partizan to the last degree, and is apt to indulge in a style of personality towards its political opponents which is sadly out of taste. Yet it has its proper place as the exponent of the views of the conservative portion of the community, and is universally acknowledged to be the ablest organ of the Democratic party that was ever published in New York. Latterly it has indulged freely in "sensations," not a few of which have been of a character highly repugnant to good taste, if not to decency.

The *Herald* might become the great metropolitan journal if Mr. James Gordon Bennett were a very different and a much better man than he is. It furnishes the freshest and fullest news of any paper in the country. Its arrangement of news-matter is original, and has been copied by every one of its competitors, plainly showing their estimate of it. But its intolerable flippancy, its utter want of principle, and its outrageous offenses against taste, decency, and morality, will prevent it from being a worthy representative of metropolitan journalism, at least during the life of its present proprietor.

We say nothing of the *Journal of Commerce*, the *News*, or the evening papers, some of which are excellent in their way, because they are published under circumstances which debar them from competing with the four journals to which reference has been made.

A paper that will properly represent the interests of this metropolis need not of necessity be the exponent of any set of political principles or be any more consistent than are events. The *London Times* is recognized as a power throughout the world, not because of its consistency (for of all journals it is the most fluctuating in its opinions), but because, in addition to its full and reliable news, its editorials represent the average public sentiment of the English people upon the leading questions of the day. It has been by turns Radical and Liberal, Whig and Tory, for the corn laws and against them, High Church and Low Church, for the Southern Confederacy and for the United States, without any respect to its antecedent opinions, but always true to its aim to represent the current opinion of the English nation. Hence it is obvious that newspaper opinions are valuable not merely because of their inherent soundness, but for their representative character. The views of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Marble, or Mr. Raymond on current matters are of no more value than those of a thousand other gentlemen of this city; but when Mr. Greeley speaks in behalf of one portion of the Republican party, and Mr. Raymond in behalf of the other portion, and Mr. Marble gives expression to the views of the Democratic party, their utterances are of the utmost importance, since they embody the opinions of organized masses of men, and not of those of the individual writers alone. A great metropolitan journal, therefore, conducted on the principle just enunciated, will oftentimes be inconsistent, but, representing the average sentiment of the American people, it will command the attention of cultivated minds on both sides of the Atlantic.

The New York papers are deficient also in another respect. They are too small. In order to realize Burke's idea that a newspaper should contain the history of the world for one day, they should be at least one-third larger than they are at present. This, of course, would involve an increase in the price of them; but the public would not grumble. The truth is,

papers are published too cheap in this country. Our publishers have yet to learn that the problem they have to solve is, not what sort of a paper they can get up for two, three, or four cents a copy, but how to get up a really great journal, and then what to charge for it so as to receive a reasonable return for their labor and investment. And now, while money is plenty, is the time, if ever, for some enterprising publisher to enlarge his paper, fill it with the latest and fullest news that can be obtained, and charge five or six cents for it. Our word for it, such a venture could not fail of success.

The material of the press of New York is superior to that of any other city in the country, and will compare favorably with that of any city across the water. But it has yet to be properly applied. Most of the editors are gentlemen of education, culture, and high social position; besides, they are quick of apprehension, and skilled in dialectics. Still, they do not direct their energies in the right direction to obtain that full meed of success which we believe is their aim, as it is of every true journalist.

#### THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE address of President Johnson to the Southern delegation, the action of the Massachusetts Republican Convention, and the utterances of the so-called radical press and orators, within the past two weeks, indicate very clearly a divergence of views between the executive and the more active—and, we may add, conscientious—members of his own party. Mr. Johnson has made out his programme for the restoration of the Southern States, which does not admit of any interference with those States on the subject of equal suffrage as between the whites and blacks. He refuses peremptorily to interfere in any way with the action of the Southern people so far as regards local self-government. It is further stated, and very generally believed, that the President agrees with the late Senator Douglas, that this is exclusively a "white man's government," and that he has no sympathy with, and will give no countenance to, any measure which will make the black man the political equal of the white. This position is beginning to be very well understood by the leaders of Mr. Johnson's own party, and it occasions them no small embarrassment. They are honestly desirous of aiding him in the difficult task he has before him; but, as their public deliverances show, they believe that, to settle this matter of the restoration of the Southern States so that it will stay settled, the black man must have the same political privileges as the white, and that he should be his equal in the eye of the law. They do not even demand universal suffrage; only equal suffrage for blacks and whites. There are, it is true, a number of active, earnest men in the Republican party who believe in a system of general confiscation, and the remanding back of the Southern States to a territorial condition. These are represented by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens; how strong they may be it will be impossible to say until the meeting of Congress; but we do not believe that they represent the average sentiment of the Republican masses.

It is to the credit of the Massachusetts Republicans that they have realized the delicacy of the political situation, and have drawn up a platform which betrays rare political sagacity in its construction. With some modifications, it would serve as the platform of the New York Union party. The effect of this carefully and wisely worded series of resolutions was somewhat marred by the speeches of Senator Sumner and General Butler, presenting views which made apparent the wide difference there is between those they represent and the views held by President Johnson. It seems inevitable that this question of reconstruction will lead to a reorganization of parties, probably during the next session of Congress. The very striking change of base effected by the Democrats at the Albany Convention; the boldness with which they adopted a new political platform for the party, and the vigor with which they are pursuing the canvass in this State, show that they have determined to place themselves in accord with President Johnson, and that, looking to future eventualities, they may hope to form a controlling part of the coming administration party. The contest in the State of New York will probably determine whether

the Democratic party, headed by Dean Richmond, or the Union party, controlled by Thurlow Weed and other friends of Secretary Seward, will be chosen by the President to reorganize his administration party. There is not likely to be any change in the cabinet for some time to come, for Mr. Johnson could not afford to add the friends of his yet powerful ministers to the discontented elements of the Republican party, until his own policy had developed a political organization competent to sustain him in all his public measures. The contest in this State, therefore, will attract widespread attention throughout the country, as it will indicate, in part, the men under whom the administration party is to be reorganized.

#### THE LAST AMERICAN PUNCH.

THE decease of *Mrs. Grundy* does not by any means prove that a comic journal of high character will not be sustained by the American people. It only proves that our public will not support an imitation of the *London Punch*. The truth is, comic journalism of a certain kind is a success in this country. For fifty years, at least, comic illustrated papers, in the form of almanacs, monthlies, and occasional weekly journals, have been published and have made money for the writers, artists, and editors.

The trouble with *Mrs. Grundy*, as with all its predecessors, was that it conformed to the type of comic periodical which would suit an English, not an American, audience. *John Donkey*, *The Lantern*, *Vanity Fair*, were all obviously modeled upon the *London Punch*, even to the size and make-up of the forms. Now American humor is something essentially different from English humor. It is extravagant, exaggerated—outrageous, if you will—but still has a distinction of its own which cannot be mistaken. Had the projectors of *Mrs. Grundy* carefully studied, and reproduced in better forms and higher types, the successful specimens of purely American comic humor, both in matter and illustration, they would to-day have a prosperous and popular journal. Apart from this general error of judgment in the conception of *Mrs. Grundy*, it had the special defect of not being well edited. Fearful of exciting party hostility, it did not dare to illustrate, from a comic point of view, the current political events of the day. The conductors failed to see that they could afford to attack any man, or illustrate any subject, without being in any sense partizan. After having carefully excluded from its columns everything in which the public was interested, it followed that the public were equally careful to exclude it from their houses. In this respect the *London Punch* is admirably conducted. It caricatures public men of all parties, and has its own opinions, and very decided ones too, yet *Punch* is not distinctively Tory, Whig, or Liberal. The publishers of *Mrs. Grundy* complain that they could get neither writers nor artists capable of making a first-class paper. But this excuse will not bear examination, for the United States to-day has a greater number of acknowledged humorists than Great Britain, while the publication of some five or six comic periodicals which have succeeded shows that there are artists enough to satisfy the public taste. Few really well-planned and wisely conducted periodicals can fail in this country. There may have been times within the past five years when a truly deserving literary enterprise could not succeed, but the failure of any at this period must be due to the inherent weakness of the venture, or to its want of adaptability to the public taste.

WE learn upon good authority that Mr. Edwin Booth will resume the practice of his profession some time during the present theatrical season—an announcement which will be welcomed by his many friends. It is to be hoped that his good sense will induce him to appear on the stage, or make known his intention of so doing, without waiting for clap-trap manifestoes and testimonials from clubs or societies. Any person or collection of persons is at liberty to defy the first rules of taste, but Mr. Booth will doubtless refuse to be a party to any such breaches of propriety as have been suggested in certain quarters. As there is every reason why he should enter again upon his chosen calling, and not one that we are aware of why he should not, mutual admiration documents are not only out of place, but extremely silly.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LONDON.

LONDON, September 1, 1865.

## AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY.

THERE was lately held in London a very interesting meeting. There is in Paris a society called the "Comité d'Archéologie Américaine," which lately sent a deputation of three of its members to London for the purpose of searching into some documents existing in public and private collections here, relating to America before its discovery by Columbus, and also of conferring with the English students of American history and antiquities. These French gentlemen—Dr. Martin de Moussy, Charles de la Bartha, and Leon de Rosny—were met on the occasion to which I refer by a good company of gentlemen, among whom were W. Bollaert, author of "Researches in New Granada," Luke Burke, Kenneth Mackenzie, Rev. W. G. Cooksley, and Mr. Trübner, the most active of men in bringing out books relating to Orient and Occident from his well-known publishing house. There were also present three educated Japanese, and I wish I could add that America also had been well represented on the occasion, which so nearly concerned her. The meeting was mainly friendly, and organized for the purpose of bringing the English and French students of American antiquities into relation and co-operation; and in this it was admirably successful. Except a speech of Mr. Mackenzie, pointing out some possible connection between the earlier civilizations of the peninsula of India and the empire of the Incas, and a paper by George Catlin, read by Mr. Trübner, giving an account of some very curious religious ceremonies among the Mandan tribe, which seem now and then to have a Syrian origin, the meeting did not dwell so much upon antiquities themselves as upon the best means of obtaining the knowledge of them. The French society, above spoken of, is a very important one, and publishes an official organ. Dr. de Moussy, its vice-president, has lived twenty years in La Plata, and on his return in 1861 began the publication of a large descriptive, geographical, and statistical work on the Argentine Confederation. Mr. Edwin Tross, of Paris, issues many fine works on these subjects; and is, by the way, about to add to his reprints of rare works on the early French colonies in America the "Histoire de la Nouvelle France. Par Marc Lescarbat. 3 vols., with maps." Mr. W. Bollaert, F.R.G.S., the indefatigable explorer of Mexico and Peru, exhibited to the meeting held the other evening many interesting objects of Peruvian origin. This gentleman contributes to the last "Intellectual Observer" an interesting paper, with a plate, on the Mexican zodiac. The plate is a reduced fac-simile of the large stone zodiac dug up in the great square of the city of Mexico, in 1790. Mr. B. also gives a wood-cut of a small human figure in silver, which was discovered in an ancient tomb in Bolivia. The figure is represented as looking through a hollow tube, held to the left eye, and is believed to indicate the use of the telescope in the New World (which may yet turn out to be the *Old World*) at a very early period.

Lately, when in Ostend, I read in *MS.*, by the favor of its author, the account of the "O-KA-PEE," the religious ceremony of the Mandans, witnessed by Catlin—the same which was read by Mr. Trübner at the meeting I have alluded to. In Mr. Catlin's large work on the Indian tribes he gave some account of these ceremonies; but there were some things connected with them which he thought improper to be laid before the general public. Some fifty copies of the complete account have been printed for private circulation among the ethnologists. The Mandans, who used to live a thousand miles up from St. Louis, near the mouth of the Mississippi, are now nearly extinct. They had a tradition that the inhabitants of the world were destroyed by a great flood, except one man and his squaw, who were saved in a canoe which landed on a high mountain after the subsidence of the waters. Although it is evident that Mr. Catlin is quite convinced of the unity of this tradition with that of the Noachian deluge, and perhaps presses the points of similarity too far, yet the coincidences are quite interesting. The big canoe, in which the Indian Noah is supposed to have been saved, is supposed to be preserved in the medicine lodge, and is a very sacred object. When the ceremonies (which last four days each year) are about to begin, a man is seen on horseback riding from the east with the dawn. He at length arrives at the village, and there the people show great signs of excitement. The man when he enters is aged, with long white beard, and is painted all over white; he collects the people of the village, and tells them the story of the deluge and the big canoe. He points out the nearest high mountain as that on which the canoe landed. When Catlin asked at what time of the year this ceremony would occur, he was told "as soon as the willow leaves are grown under the bank of the river." "What,"

he asked, "has the willow to do with the matter?" "The twig which the medicine-bird brought home was a willow bough, and had full grown leaves on it;" and afterwards a dove was pointed out to him as the bird of the great Spirit, or the medicine-bird. The man who enters the village or town on the first day calls together the young men, and selects from them a number of forty or fifty, who count it a great honor, but who are destined to undergo four days of frightful torture—pierced by splints, hung up by them, torn and dragged. There is, I forgot to say, a huge pipe occupying a central position, which seems to be in the Indian what the rainbow is in the Oriental fable. This whole four days of torture and groaning ends very naturally in a debauch. For such is the buffalo-dance, which is meant to emblemize buffalo and human propagation. These performances were very gross, and although they betokened the increase of the Mandan race, they keep one from regretting that it has become extinct. Mr. Catlin believes that he also found among them a confused idea of a miraculous conception—the birth of a great being—a grand search for the child—the people saved from starvation by the child—and the destruction of the child through the influence of an evil spirit.

## CLASS-LITERATURE.

At the opening of the industrial exhibition at Birmingham, on Monday last, Lord Lyttleton delivered an address, in which the following passage occurred:

"The works of fiction, I am very well assured, in which now for many years past the upper classes have taken most pleasure have been those which have purported to deal with the daily life of the classes below them; and, taking the converse, I have often been very greatly struck with what I have observed in reference to the literary taste of the poorer classes in London. I walk about the streets of London when I am there as much as anybody, and in the humbler streets we see in these days of cheap publications the shop windows full of small and cheap works of fiction and periodicals which circulate among the working-classes of London. I would engage to say that with hardly an exception—I doubt whether there be one in one hundred cases—the subjects of those works of fiction, and the little pictures by which they are illustrated, relate to the lives of the upper classes. Of course, I know very well that there may be evil mixed up with this; but I am not dealing with that. I am only speaking of it as a matter of fact, and as showing as a matter of fact that there is this desire for mutual knowledge and intercourse among different classes. I must say that I think the weight—the burden of proof, as we say—is upon those who would deny this."

The burden of a denial of his lordship's inference is not very heavy. The upper classes are interested in novels which reveal "life among the lowly" simply because they disclose that with which they are least acquainted; and the poor like stories about high life for the same reason. The desire for mutual knowledge and intercourse has probably little or nothing to do with the matter.

## LEWES ON MACREADY.

George Henry Lewes has been contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a deeply interesting series of papers, entitled "Retrospects of Actors." He has written of Edmund Kean, Rachel, and others, and his last is about Macready. He says:

"In Edmund Kean and Rachel we recognize types of genius; in Macready I see only a man of talent, but of talent so marked and individual that it approaches very near to genius; and, indeed, in justification of those admirers who would claim for him the higher title, I may say that Tieck, whose opinion on such a matter will be received with great respect, told me that Macready seemed to him a better actor than either Kean or John Kemble; and he only saw Macready in the early part of his long and arduous career."

The following story will be read with interest:

"In the great scene of the third act of 'The Merchant of Venice' *Shylock* has to come on in a state of intense rage and grief at the flight of his daughter. Now it is obviously a great trial for the actor to strike twelve at once. He is one moment calm in the green-room, and the next he has to appear on the stage with his whole nature in an uproar. Unless he has a very mobile temperament, quick as flame, he cannot begin this scene at the proper state of white-heat. Accordingly, we see actors in general come bawling and gesticulating, but leaving us unmoved because they are not moved themselves. Macready, it is said, used to spend some minutes behind the scenes lashing himself into a sympathetic rage by cursing *sotto voce*, and shaking violently a ladder fixed against the wall. To bystanders the effect must have been ludicrous; but to the audience the actor presented himself as one really agitated. He had worked himself up to the proper pitch of excitement which would enable him to express the rage of *Shylock*.

"I have heard Madame Vestris tell a similar story of Liston, whom she overheard cursing and spluttering to himself as he stood at the side scene waiting to go on in a scene of comic rage."

Mr. Lewes says that Macready was greatest in parts like *Werner*, *Richelieu*, *Iago*, or *Virginus*, and always fell short when representing the great Shakesperian hero. He could not, however, "be surpassed in certain aspects of

*Macbeth* and *Coriolanus*, although he wanted the heroic thew and sinew to represent these characters as wholes."

## MILTON'S HOUSE.

The "spirit of improvement," or whatever it is that burrows London with railways, has pushed on in the city, and now, after smashing hundreds of houses, has paused at one. It is the house on the Barbican once inhabited by Milton. In a day or two that, also, will be in ruins. It is a queer house, which, though small, might once have been elegant. It has two stories and an attic, and the windows jut out over the pavement. It has for some time been closed as a place of business, though over the door the sign remains, "HEAVEN, DYER," and, in the second story window, two of Heaven's dye-placards have been substituted for panes of glass. From the western side of the house may be seen the spot where the martyr-fires of Smithfield were kindled, which is only a few hundred yards from the spot. It was at this house that Milton came to dwell after his reconciliation with his wife. None of his great works were written here. No man, seemingly, ever changed his residence oftener than Milton did. The most interesting of his homes, had the great fire of London spared it, would have been that in Bread Lane, about a quarter of a mile from this of the Barbican, which now can only be identified by the enthusiastic biographer of the great poet, Professor Masson, who, being also a metaphysician, I sometimes think has evolved the locality out of his inner consciousness. It is sad to think of the cause that drove Milton thus from pillar to post, and "*Bread Lane*" is very suggestive. English thought is not yet up to his radical standard.

## ART ON THE CONTINENT.

At Ostend, lately, I made the acquaintance of the lovely Baroness de Sina, of Vienna, whose musical assemblies are the joy of artists and of good society in that most musical of German capitals. The baroness declares that Rubenstein is now the living hope of continuing the classic school of German music, and that his symphonies are full of a genuine fire. Wagner is a man of talent, but full of affectations. At one time he cannot compose unless everything in the room is blue—walls, curtains, and even the wash-basin; at another, all must be red. Nor has his personal character improved since he has become the pet of the young King of Bavaria (who, by the way, will soon, it is said, wed the Infanta Isabella of Spain). Mr. Thayer, for so many years the Diarist of *Dwight's Journal*, has, the baroness assured me, the highest reputation in Vienna, owing to a little chronological work concerning the productions of Beethoven which has been published there. When Mr. Thayer was in Vienna, a friend of the baroness promised to bring him to one of her assemblies. He appeared, however, much to her dismay, without the American. "Why did he not come?" she cried. "To tell the truth," was the reply, "Mr. Thayer had not a dress-coat, and had never worn one in his life; and I dared not bring him to your assembly in an ordinary one." "Pshaw," cried the annoyed lady, "you should have brought him without any, rather than not have him here." As many Americans are coming to Europe just now, it may be well enough for them to remember that in all good society of the Old World a dress-coat and a white cravat are *de rigueur* at all dinner or evening companies, and to be without them is to be needlessly singular. It was a satisfaction to learn from this lady that Mr. Motley, our Minister, was highly appreciated at Vienna, and his literary abilities well known.

An oratorio, called "Sainte Elizabeth," by Liszt—now Abbé Liszt—has just been performed with great success at Pesth, and the composer been presented with a silver baton by the choral society of that city. It is rumored that Liszt is to become a member of the Papal household with the title of Monsignore. The burthen of the Pope's song now seems to be that of Milton—

"Ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

The son of the dramatist Kotzebue, at present Russian Minister at Carlsruhe, has tried his hand at a play—"The Dangerous Friend"—which has been favorably received at the Dresden theater.

## DEATH OF "SAM SLICK."

Judge Haliburton died at Gordon House, Illsworth, on Sunday last. He has for some years been afflicted with gout, and recently his health had so suffered that he declined to stand for Launceston, the borough of which he had been the Conservative member for several years. Still, his death was sudden and unexpected, and occasions much sorrow to the wide circle of friends which his excellent qualities of mind and heart had formed. Mr. Haliburton was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1796, and filled the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that province. In 1837 his literary reputation was founded, and at once



carried to its highest pitch, by the republication—under the title of "The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, of Slickville"—of a series of papers contributed to a journal published in Halifax, N. S. His subsequent works were numerous, and all characterized by the peculiar cast of humor that gave such sudden and widespread celebrity to the first. In 1858 the author of "Sam Slick" received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and in the following year he began his Parliamentary career, being elected M.P. for Launceston on Conservative principles. He was a constant attendant in the House, but seldom spoke, probably in consequence of the weakness of his voice, which prevented his being distinctly heard.

## PERSONAL.

I have seen a paragraph floating about in American papers to the effect that Tennyson is in the last stages of pulmonary disease. There is not a word of truth in this. Tennyson has the frame of a Coryphæus, and the lungs of a Stentor. His face, instead of being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," has an honest swart tan upon it. He is never sick, and bids fair to make a notable exception to the declaration of his predecessor in laureateship, that "the good die first."

Thomas Carlyle has returned home to Chelsea from a two months' sojourn in Scotland, much improved in health.

Abd-el-Kader has left Paris for Damascus, amid a coruscation of rockets. He was made a freemason.

## WYOMING, N. Y.

WYOMING, Sept. 11, 1865,  
With the thermometer at 90°.

KNIGHTS: I send subscription money with an effusion. The Major is no myth; but, with no such sum at his name in the income-tax as is here represented, still "spacious in the possession of dirt." The parson—God bless him!—spends the winter in Europe.

"Six dollars! By Jove!"

Said my friend at the Grove—

Major Y.—

To the Parson and I,

At dinner one day,

'Tween the soup and the fish,

As he paused o'er his dish,

"Pooh, pooh, it won't pay;

In fact, I regard it outrageous

That those ROUND TABLE wights,

With their fancies and flights,

Should ask such a price for their pages."

Major Y. is a man with abundance of *shiners*—

Owning a coal track some twenty miles square,

Over a lake of petroleum there;

And at least a battalion of miners.

I urged the typography. "Splendid! Tip-top—

Unmarked by the air of a niggard or top."

He replied, with a graceful *passado en tierce*

With his fork at the slice

Of the salmon so nice,

That yielded so rich to his pierce.

"The paper is also superior,

Acceptable, most, in exterior.

Specimen number a fine success.

To sentiments also, and subject, and dress,

No word of complaint—but the price should be less."

"Now, Major, old boy, in discussing this thing—

Pardon me, parson, but I must bring

This thing home to his *business self*.

How much would you ask

To shoulder the task

Of one of those knights of the paper mask?

In vulgar, tangible, yearly pelf?"

"By Jove! old fellow, that's hardly fair,"

The Major replied, with a shudder and stare.

I rather felt that I had him there,—

Tho' pitching into his mutton and salt

Was hardly fair, and be finding fault.

"By the income tax I am made to appear

On the sunny side of a million a year,—

Petroleum bubbles from land, not brains;

And coal has a market value, you know;

And, wherever sceptered necessity reigns,

Gold like a rivulet still will flow."

"Necessity! come now," the parson said,

"See how I earn my *daily bread*.

Four hundred and sixty per annum is mine,—

Hardly enough for a gentleman's wine.

Necessity versus brains, it appears,

Is the caption of life in these modern years."

Such fellows can't live in a cellar or attic,

Like penny-a-liners, or poets erratic;

Their instincts and tastes, alike aristocratic,

Forbid that their habits be melodramatic,

Bohemian—at home in a hut or a café,

The Toombs, or a shelter somewhere on Broadway.

They should live, Major Y.,

Like yourself, my old boy;

Not mean, but luxurious;

I faith, 'twould be curious,

If Knights of the ROUND TABLE here, in our times,

Couldn't live quite as well,

Or cut such a swell,

As those old foggy fellows in Tennyson's rhymes.

J. M.

## PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16, 1865.

IN this, as in all great American cities, there is a certain infusion of the British element, known as club life. During the war this has more than doubled.

The *Athenæum*, which may be briefly dismissed as being half of a club, socially considered—for is not man a cooking animal? and there is no *cuisine* in the *Athenæum*—is simply an excellent joint-stock news-room and library, with large and airy apartments on the second floor of a handsome stone-brown building, the property of the members, in Washington Square, east side. On a still higher floor the Historical Society has its local habitation, and other rooms are rented out as offices. However, an effort is being made (rather feebly, it must be confessed) to raise funds sufficient to erect a new and handsome fire-proof building on Broad Street, in which the rare library and fine manuscript collection and antiquarian curiosities of the Historical Society will be safely lodged, and so well arranged as to be accessible—which they are not at present.

For a long time before the late civil war the Philadelphia Club, corner of Walnut and Thirteenth Sts., was the club of clubs in this city. The building, though remarkably plain, even homely, in its external aspect, has many internal arrangements in which comfort and even a certain quantum of unadorned elegance are united. Many members dine and sup there constantly, which may be accepted as *prima facie* evidence that well-cooked meals are provided, and that the liquors, somewhat stronger than water, are thereat to be obtained. The great drawback on the real respectability of this club is the fact that it contains what more closely resembles "a bar" or an ordinary drinking saloon than anything else, and, indeed—"not to put too fine a point upon it," as Mr. Snigsby would say—it is a bar to all intents and purposes, and not unfrequently as such. It is open only to members, of course; but these can obtain any refreshment they require—vinous, spirituous, maltose, or tabacine. Some of the graver members of the club shake their heads when drinking at the counter comes under their notice; but the practice continues.

Before the late war, the Philadelphia Club was considered (by itself) as being dreadfully respectable, and exorbitantly exclusive. Many persons believed that membership in the organization was equivalent to bestowing a certain brevet rank upon those who enjoyed that distinction. To obtain admission did not exactly require that the candidate should exhibit an armorial shield, with at least sixteen quarterings of nobility (which is the very first qualification for office or marriage in some of the smaller grand-duchies of Germany), but a good deal of quiet canvassing was often needed, and many pains were taken to admit none but eligibles. The result was that there are a great many thorough gentlemen among the members. During the civil war, there was a squabble now and then—even a lawsuit or two—arising out of difference of political opinion; but the majority of the members were undoubtedly Unionists, and the result was, of late, there was no public demonstration in the Philadelphia Club reminding the world of "a house divided against itself." The entrance-fee to the Philadelphia Club is one hundred, and the annual subscription fifty, dollars. As the Club has numerous members, their respective amounts ought at least to keep its head above water. This year, however, I am informed, the subscription has been increased to seventy dollars, which, it is expected, will keep the club afloat.

The Union Club, so called by virtue of a special legislative act of incorporation lately passed, was originally founded by some German gentlemen who desired to have a social organization of their own. They first took a house on Washington Square, where their guests—and the Teutonic gentry are addicted to hospitality—found admirable cooking and excellent German and French wine. The secret of this was that they imported most of the contents of their cellar. By degrees, the German Club, as it was then called, admitted a few members of different nationalities—still preserving the rule that the

administrative power, or the government of the club, should be almost exclusively German. The club prospered so much that it was considered expedient to remove it to a new and more central locality. That was found on the east side of Twelfth Street, between Walnut and Locust. There is sufficient accommodation for the hundred members to which the numerical strength of the Club will be limited. On the tenth of October, 1860, the Prince of Wales, then on his American tour, was taken to the German Club, and there is yet shown, in the visitors' book, a memorandum of this visit, signed, in a particularly neat hand-writing, "Albert Edward," together with the signatures of the noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied him. The Prince's "hand o' writ" is neat and clear,—not at all like his mother's large autography, but somewhat resembling that of his grandfather, the late Duke of Kent. The Prince employed his time, while visiting the Club, in the ten-pin bowling alley there, and it is said (though I fear that this is rather apocryphal) that he paid a second visit there the next day.

The German Club did not thrive after the war commenced. Its German element had gradually become superseded, and, a couple of years ago, when it was re-organized by special act of Legislature, which authorized its being called the Union Club, not one-seventh of the members were German. A new system has been introduced. The mortgage on the premises has been paid off. The payments of members have been increased,—they now are \$50 entrance, and \$50 a year. The whole house has been refitted, repaired, and refurnished. In short, the Union Club is well managed and thriving.

There sprang up, almost simultaneously, during the war, three new political clubs, viz.: the Union League, the National Union Club, and the Pennsylvania Club. The two first of these are decidedly Union in politics and constitution; the latter is as decidedly Democratic. The National Union Club, annual subscription to which is only \$5, is situated in Girard Row, a handsome set of houses, with white marble fronts, on the north side of Chestnut Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth. It is not a very large club-house, consisting only of a large private dwelling-house, but is as spacious, at any rate, as its rival, the Pennsylvania Club, some ten doors more to the west on the same Girard Row. The admission fee and annual subscription to the latter are high; but the accommodation is very good, and the house is furnished with elegance. These two clubs, in Girard Row, are decidedly political and antagonistic—a great deal of party work being arranged and transacted at both.

The Union League, now commonly called "The League," was established some four years ago, and has been a powerful political organization from the first. Originally located in a splendid mansion on the south side of Chestnut Street, above Twelfth, it soon expanded so much that it became necessary to provide more extensive accommodation. Accordingly, what is called "The League House" was erected in Broad Street, between Chestnut and Walnut, and it takes rank as one of the very handsomest public buildings in Philadelphia. It certainly is the finest club-house on the American continent, with the exception of the Concordia, recently erected in Baltimore at a cost of \$200,000, and containing not only splendid accommodation for its members (who must be German, or speak the language), but also a concert-room and opera-house—the latter provided with scenery.

The League House is a large building—as, indeed, it ought to be, for it has to accommodate eighteen hundred members. The admission fee is only \$25, and the annual subscription is the same. Its organization is complete and powerfully political. It was owing to the influence of the League that Mr. Morton McMichael, one of its founders, was lately nominated for the office of mayor of Philadelphia. There is a good and increasing library, as well as a well-supplied news-room, in the League House. Mr. George H. Boker, the poet, has acted as secretary to the League from its formation. When the Union League was started, its administrative body attempted to establish a political and also a social shibboleth. The first was a declaration that no person could be a member unless he were an unconditional Lincolnite; the second went to exclude the consumption of any spirituous liquors within the four walls of the club. After the "murder most foul" of the martyr President, the first exclusive rule was necessarily abandoned, and each member of the League has as much latitude of thought, speech, and action as is consistent with the general and broad republican and anti-slavery principles of the body. On removal to League House the second restriction fell through. There is no "bar" at the League House, though whatever refreshment is needed can be, and is, supplied. The culinary department is very good at the League House; but Mr. William Vollmar, who has just published a German and English cooking-book, and is *chef de cuisine* at the Union (late

the German) Club, is undoubtedly the best cook in Philadelphia, with the exception, perhaps, of Augustin, a colored gentleman, who has a private restaurant in Walnut Street, and has obtained remarkable, but not unmerited, popularity.

It may be scarcely necessary to add here that a billiard-room is a necessary part of every one of the Philadelphia clubs.

## BOSTON.

BOSTON, Sept., 1865.

THE confusion incident to removing to a new warehouse has of late somewhat interrupted Ticknor & Fields's regular course of publication; but I am pleased to see, by looking over their programme for the fall months, that they are prepared to take up the work with vigor. Several books, which have been kept back by the hot season and their change in location, are now about ready for publication. Such is the condition of the promised "Life of Robertson," the gifted preacher of Brighton (England), whose sermons have been so acceptable. The story of his life-thoughts has not been obscurely told in these successive volumes, but how he lived and looked among his friends we may now hope to know. The volume of "Seaside Studies," by Alexander Agassiz, is another of these delayed books, as well as Swinburne's poem, "Atalanta in Calydon." The new edition of Brownell's poems, some time since announced, is nearly ready. It will be complete in 16mo, and I may add, by the way, that the next number of the *Atlantic* contains a long poem by him on the late President. It represents him as present in spirit at the great reviews in Washington of the soldiers of the war. Holmes and others speak very highly of it. It will occupy several pages. Let me say, in passing, that the fourth of their series of "companion poets" will be a selection from Holmes, of a humorous character, now nearly ready. The multifarious editions of the poets on the list which this house issues do not in any degree glut the market for variety, or seem to more than meet the different calls and tastes of the public. Their "blue and gold" series made a new demand for the same authors that had been before us so long in their own brown-cloth shape. This little pocketable style is now so popular that from three to five times as many copies are sold of it as of the more cumbersome forms. This later cheap series, with paper cover, which they call "Companion Poets," will hardly injure the commercial popularity of the other. A "selection" ever meets a demand that a complete collection does not satisfy. Flexible covers and an inexpensive style have manifestly their advantages. I see that in the order of their publication they have followed precisely the relative degree of popularity with the reading public which these poets enjoy. Longfellow naturally heads the list with his domestic verses, "Household Poems," as the publishers term them; Tennyson comes next, and the little volume, having on the title-page a view of the porch of the poet's residence, is illustrated very pleasantly with designs by Maclise, Creswick, Eytinge, Barry, Fenn, and Perkins. Whittier, with his "National Lyrics," properly comes third, well accompanied by White's, Fenn's, and Barry's designs; and Holmes, as I said, happily holds the fourth place. I shall have something further to say hereafter of the influence of a cheap circulation of good poetry. To their "blue and gold" series they are also about to add a complete edition, in one volume, of T. B. Aldrich's poems; and to their illustrated editions they join speedily Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," with designs by John Gilbert, and Miss Proctor's poems, with about twenty full-page cuts on wood, accompanied by a memoir by Charles Dickens. They are also to follow the English lead in presenting us "The Country Parson" in an illustrated form. The first series of his lucubrations will appear soon. They have nearly ready several other volumes of a holiday character. The long-deferred "Atlantic Tales," a selection of the best stories which have appeared in that monthly, is to take a gift-book form. A third volume of their portrait annuals, in a shape like their "Favorite Authors" and "Household Friends," will come out under the name of "Good Company," having about twenty plates, the most noticeable being a new head of Hawthorne, from a photograph. The old likeness painted long ago by Thompson bears little resemblance to the man as he was seen in his last years. The boys are to have a new installment of Carleton's (Coffin's) story of the rebellion in a third volume, and Edmund Kirke, through the same publishers, will, before the holidays, offer a volume called "Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures," a sample of which readers of "Our Young Folks" have had. The young heads will hardly be interested, however, in a version of Saadi's "Gulistan," with Emerson's introduction, which has been delayed for some time, but is now soon to be ready. Felton's "Greece," 2 vols. 8vo, is also

in the printer's hands. It consists of his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute—a theme no one could treat better. They also are preparing Alexander Smith's sequel-story to his recent "Alfred Hagart's Household." It is called "Miss Oona McQuarrie." It is also said they are to publish Mr. Frothingham's "Life of General Warren, the Bunker Hill Hero." Mr. F. is certainly one of the best-posted of our local historians, and, since he resigned his editorial position on the Boston *Post* newspaper, has had, it is to be hoped, abundant time to pursue the studies with which he has been identified. I have heard he has much new matter to enrich his "History of the Siege of Boston," long since out of print, and trust we may yet have it in a shape of increased value. We have certainly made history on a large scale within a few years past, but the small beginning of our Revolutionary struggle, on these hills around us here in Boston, was of vaster importance than the numbers engaged might seem, after our late schooling in warfare. I may incidentally state that another theme of intermediary interest between the war that made us one, and that which left us still cemented—that of the great disintegrator himself—will appear under Parton's treatment in the next *North American*. No one mistakes me, I hope, in thus referring to Calhoun. I will mention, barely, now another project of Ticknor & Fields, which is to give us three new editions of Shakespeare in Keightley's text, viz.: one in a single volume octavo; a second in six volumes, blue and gold; and the third the same page on larger paper, uniform with their "cabinet edition" of the poets. I can say, too, that Mr. Grant White is to have an appreciative reviewer of his Shakespearian labors in Mr. Hudson, who, I am told, entertains a very high opinion of his successor's accomplishments. His criticism will appear in the *Atlantic*. Messrs. T. & F. have also completed an arrangement with Bell & Daldy for a reissue here of their pocket and Elzevir editions of standard authors, but I cannot enlarge upon this enterprise just at present.

Little, Brown & Co. have brought out this week the "Life of Michael Angelo," already announced. I will speak, at present, only of its handsome typographical appearance. It comes from the press of Wilson & Sons, who, since they have left Boston for Cambridge, have taken away our best printing-office, and added to the "University" and "Riverside" a rival establishment equal to either in the perfection, if not magnitude, of its work. Speaking of Cambridge reminds me that I forgot to mention, under the head of Ticknor & Fields, that those who have read Lowell's genial paper on "Cambridge Worthies" as they lived thirty odd years ago, will know something they are to expect in the "Recollections of Seventy Years," by Professor Farrar's widow, which I can write of more intelligently with some of the early sheets before me by another week.

The simple announcement which Little, Brown & Co. have made of their intended issue, in December, of a set of three handsome octavos, being "The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams," may not carry to every reader the great importance of the work. It is prepared by his grandson, and will embrace a narrative of his acts and opinions and of his agency in producing and forwarding the American Revolution, with extracts from his correspondence, state papers, and political essays. Mr. Bancroft, in writing to the publisher, says: "The twelve from 1764 to 1776 were the greatest years in the life of the town of Boston, and in these years Samuel Adams was unquestionably the foremost citizen of the town;" and, in referring to the necessity of his life being written, he adds: "I know no one so well able to do this public service, from zeal, industry, and opportunities of investigation, as Mr. Wells." Something of Samuel Adams' value at that juncture has been told us within a year or two by Mr. Frothingham's articles in the *Atlantic* on "The Sam Adams Regiments of the Town of Boston." It is a wonder, indeed, that his story has been left so long inadequately told. John Adams regretted that justice had not been done him as long ago as 1817. Jefferson in 1819 turned to his memory as that of the one who had the greatest share of all in advising and directing in his day of turmoil. His story, perhaps, needs just now to be told more than ever before. New England is accused of arrogance in our day in endeavoring to control the issues of our second great revolution, and her citizens now, as well as her enemies, may well ponder on the life of a man who best in his day represented and fought for her distinctive character and institutions. "If there was any Palinurus to the Revolution," says Jefferson, "Samuel Adams was the man." Theodore Parker said of him, "he was one of Plutarch's men."

I must take another opportunity to speak of the character of the works in Mr. Loring's Railway Library, two of which, "Standish" and "Miramichi," are just out

in new editions. The cars are not the best place, nor hurried travel conducive to the best mood, for reading carefully a book, and no place certainly is poor enough for the perusal of a bad book. The projectors of railway libraries, here and in England, have not always touched in their issues the exact medium between mere sense and frivolity, and I purpose examining Mr. Loring's books to this end before long.

## CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15, 1865.

A CHAPTER on the literature of Chicago would doubtless be very sententious, not to say instructive,—like that of the old abbé concerning the snakes of Iceland; but it would scarcely fill the allotted space, unless properly "displayed" by some modern expert at newspaper typography.

Our journalism, like our commercial and social spirit and institutions, is of a peculiar type. Our daily papers are newspapers in general, and Chicago newspapers with an emphasis, in the prominence which they give to art, literature, and home topics, and the style in which they treat them. Our leading Sunday morning editions, with their solid columns of local incident, gossip, and reflection, are a peculiar institution. Thousands of them, in addition to the regular edition, are published, which not only exhibit Chicago to itself, but carry it into tributary towns and country. Paris is not more truly France than Chicago is the Northwest. We have no ambition to become cosmopolitan. That we leave to New York, whose inevitable destiny it is, as it is ours to be and to remain Western. But we by no means confine ourselves to the productions of our own air and soil. New York sits down with us at table every day; and on lines of communication, which radiate from Chicago to the furthest prairies of the West and to the wilds of Lake Superior, the daily journals of New York and Chicago, with much of fellow-feeling, go forth each day hand in hand. Universally throughout our western country where one person read the daily and weekly paper before the war, five now read it. The newsman is abroad as well as the schoolmaster. The popular appetite has grown by—and, I believe, beyond—what it has fed upon, and we are in the midst of a reading endemic—among the most permanent and most wholesome results of a war which has not more inspired the national heart than stimulated, energized, and expanded the national intellect. Many papers have, indeed, deservedly gone down irrecoverably during the last three years, as others are destined to; one, at least, may boast that, though its bark sank, it sank "to another sea." And generally it is to be said, both of those that remained or are revived and of those that shall be established, that they survive only through qualities of sagacity, industry, liberality, and pluck.

But I am wandering far from the (presumed) topic of my letter, whatever that may be, and must return to or find it. If, leaving literature out of the account, I were to speak of art, musical and theatrical matters in Chicago, I should speak of something very near the heart (and purse) of our people. We have, it is true, no school of art, and no school for artists; no central art-gallery and artists' exhibition. But we take interest in art, and we have artists of industry, scholarship, and taste, whose works are praiseworthy, and are popular among us, and whose attachment to Chicago is leading them to exert a widespread and most wholesome influence over the popular taste here. Chicago will ere long become a wise, as she already is a liberal, patron of art; and there are names of men now quietly at work to that end which, perhaps, will never be on the tongues of eastern connoisseurs, but which future generations here will reverence and bless. It seems to us, who are upon the ground, a great and momentous step which our enterprising community is taking, from the arts which feed and sustain to those which ennoble and refine. We have in our new opera-house one floor exclusively devoted to artists' studios, connected with which is a spacious public hall designed for a free gallery of art. When our artists, now scattered east and west gathering material for the coming year's work, shall have returned, I shall probably find something to say of their characteristics and works in particular.

A notable event in the art history of the city was the formation of the art gallery connected with the late Sanitary Fair exhibition. It occupied a hall built expressly for it, 45 by 70 feet, and the catalogue embraced one hundred and forty-seven names, of American artists mainly, and about two hundred and fifty works. It was beyond any other exhibition ever given in the West representative of American art, as the names of the principal contributors, with some of their works, will show:—Bierstadt (Rocky Mountains); Church; Leutze (Departure of Columbus); Rothermel (Patrick Henry); Geyer (Colum-



bus and the Egg); Louis Lang (The Soldier's Widow); J. Hamilton (The Capture of the Serapis); Inness (Landscape, and The Wreck); J. M. Hart (Harvest Field in New England, and others); Dana (Heart's Ease); William Hart (Lake of Mountains); Read (Spirit of the Waterfall, and several portraits); Gifford (Kauterskill Clove); White (Sabbath of the Emigrants); besides pieces by Page-Sonntag, Beard, Casilear, Cropsey, Huntington, Hazeltine, White, Whittredge, and many others of note, and sculptures by Palmer and Miss Hosmer (Zenobia). The hall was constantly thronged, and the daily newspapers took a warm and generally appreciative interest in the exhibition. The criticisms which these latter published would probably be deemed gratuitous by the artists, and be looked upon as superfluous in an experienced community like yours, but they did not seem so to the people here.

I will conclude this somewhat discursive epistle by referring to the state and prospects of the drama. Chicago is nothing if not critical in matters dramatic and musical. We have a theater-going community which, like New York, is constantly enlarged by the great number of transient persons who keep our monster hotels full to overflowing. The latter suffice to render profitable the production of the various sensations of the day, to which our managements are not otherwise prone; while the legitimate drama is reasonably certain, when worthily produced, to call out our own people in force. The largest audiences of the past season have been those attendant upon Shakespearian representations. The Keans met such a reception here as they had not enjoyed out of New York, and will soon be here again on a two weeks' engagement. We have two theaters, M'Vicker's and Wood's (Museum). The former, built some ten years ago, has been recently refitted in excellent style. It has one of the most spacious stages in the country, and its stage accessories are of the best. Its chief proprietor, Mr. J. H. M'Vicker, is quite a fair actor in certain comedy parts (as the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet," *Dogberry*, and *Launcelot Gobbo*), and it may be said his Yankee characterizations are commendable. His theater is conducted on the star system, although he has a good stock company, who have been playing with great success in old English comedy since the opening of the theater a month since—"The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "As you Like It," and others.

Wood's Museum, which takes its name from a Barnum-like establishment with which it is connected, is a small, neat, and exceedingly well-conducted theater, doing stock business exclusively. It runs through the entire scale from "Pocobontas" to "Hamlet"—the latter now holding the stage, and promising to enjoy an extended run. The principal rôle is sustained by the leading man, Mr. Frank E. Aiken, whose *Bob Brierly*, played seventy nights here, was the best ever given on the Chicago stage—a studious, versatile, and promising actor, who does not consider the king's English, or the equally unimportant matter of elocution, as below his ambition to excel in. Mr. John Dillon, the leading comedy actor here, aspires to be a star of the first magnitude on the American stage, and may yet be.

I find that I must reserve the opera-house, and our home musical societies, together with additional dramatic gossip in general, for a future communication.

## MUSIC.

The new singer Parepa has more than confirmed the good impression which her first appearance at Irving Hall created. Her subsequent concerts at Irving Hall have each been successes of the most flattering nature. Experienced amateurs continue to compare her with Jenny Lind, and her two favorite songs—"The Nightingale's Trill," and "Sing, Birdie Sing"—have obtained a marked popularity, which is as sudden and will soon be as extensive as the "Echo Song" of the Swedish vocalist.

Parepa herself is very well pleased with her reception, as well she may be. During the intensely hot weather which prevailed in the first week she appeared, she expressed herself perfectly able to stand the weather, if the audience could. Her only fear was that she might not prove attractive enough to induce the public to brave the heated atmosphere of the concert-room.

Parepa's engagement with Mr. Bateman is for six months—or what is the same thing, three months, with the privilege of a renewal of three months. It is generally supposed that the lady will sing in opera before leaving this country, for, though her personal appearance is not adapted to the heroic rôles of the lyric drama, her magnificent voice, and forcible style, would be heard to the best advantage in the Academy of Music. After concluding

her present series of concerts in this city, Parepa will travel professionally through the Eastern States.

The other artists of Mr. Bateman's troupe should not be forgotten in the effulgence of the prima donna's success. The violinist, Carl Rosa, is a young man who has just attained his majority, but who for a dozen years has played in public. He is an eccentric, strange face, and is an artist of admirable promise, though, as yet, he has not proved the possession of such remarkable ability as to make us forget several of our accomplished resident violinists whom we might name. The same may be said of the pianist, Mr. Dannreuther, a modest gentleman, free from any affectation as an artist, and a skillful player of Chopin and Liszt. He is, however, of the phlegmatic, Teutonic type, and, to an audience accustomed to the sentimental style and astonishing contrasts produced by Gottschalk, seems rather cold and ineffectual. Indeed, though both Rosa and Dannreuther will be welcomed as conscientious and accomplished performers, the fact that they come to a metropolis where numbers of the same sort reside, must prevent them from creating any marked sensation; and, as we remarked last week, the colossal successes of Parepa really throw into the shade those with whom she is musically associated.

## THE OPERA.

On Monday, according to previous announcement, Mr. Maretzek will begin his operatic season, most probably with Petrella's "Ione." Several of Maretzek's new artists arrived at Boston, from Liverpool, last week, among them the new prima donna, Bossissio, a Russian lady with an Italianized name. When the steamer was coming up the harbor the usual salute was fired; and poor Bossissio, frightened nearly to death, fell down upon the deck in terror. She had the impression that a naval engagement was about to commence, her rather vague ideas of our civil war leading her to suppose that the Confederates were on the point of attacking Boston. It is to be hoped that the young lady understands more about singing than she does about politics.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

MADAME VAN ZANDT, the vocalist, will leave in a few weeks for Europe to study at Milan under the best Italian masters. She has a voice which will well repay judicious training, and such a winter of study as she contemplates will prove in the end far more beneficial to her than remaining here to make occasional appearances on the stage as *Lucia* or *Gilda*.

Mr. Alfred H. Pease, the pianist, will give several concerts in this city during the coming winter, at which some of his orchestral compositions will be produced. As yet Mr. Pease is known here only as a skillful pianist and as the writer of some very felicitous songs; but he will this season appeal to our public in the more ambitious character of an orchestral composer.

Mr. J. Pattison, another resident pianist of real merit, will also give concerts in this city during the coming winter. As a quaint musical curiosity, there are many who would be glad to hear again the antique spinnet on which he played antique music at his last series of concerts.

The future movements of Mr. Wehli, still another pianist deservedly popular here, are not quite determined. Mr. Wehli is under a contract to Max Strakosch—his salary payable in gold—but as that young impresario is engineering a provincial troupe of Italian operatic singers, the great "left hand pianist" will probably be turned over to the care of some experienced agent. In any event, Wehli is sure to prove a successful card. Since Gottschalk, there is no pianist who knows better than he how to surprise and fascinate the average American audience.

It is rumored that Jaell, the pianist, who has grown so immensely corpulent that he can hardly sit at the piano, also contemplates visiting this country during the coming winter. There is one other player who would be welcome to all our lovers of good playing, and that is Gustave Salter, a pianist who was never as fully appreciated here as he should have been; and without going so far away from home, we think that the Boston pianist Otto Dresel should be heard this season in New York, as Wolfsohn, of Philadelphia, was last season.

The London newspapers have lately been wasting a great deal of their space and of the reader's time on the case of Howard Glover, an English composer of some ability, who has for several years been acting as musical critic of the London *Morning Post*. Glover wrote well, but he offended his employers by giving a series of "monster concerts." He was dismissed; the newspapers published columns about what was a purely personal matter;

and the end of it all is that Glover has been taken back again as critic on the condition that he gives no more concerts and writes no more songs for singers.

Of Thalberg—we may say, while thus gossiping about pianists—nothing seems to be known of late. He has quite retired from public life; but the Continental gossip writers find a great deal to say about Liszt. According to one account he only expects to take a subordinate rank in the church; while another report says that he will soon be made archbishop, and that this is only a step toward the tiara. Pope Franz I. would be a curious title for the great pianist.

Jules Benedict has just published three new compositions—an andante in B, a rondo in E flat with orchestral accompaniments, and a sonata in E minor for basso and violin.

A new opera called "John of Naples" has been produced at Prague. The music is by a Herr Sulzer.

Caroline Ferni, formerly celebrated as a violinist, has been selected to sing the part of *Selika* at the production of "L'Africaine" in Bologna. A burlesque of this opera, by the way, is announced at a London theatre.

"Opera di Camera" has reappeared at its old quarters, the "Gallery of Illustration," London, under Mr. German Reed's management. The two pieces now being played are "Widows Bewitched," by the lady known as Virginia Gabriel, and a farce of Offenbach, known as "Ching-chowhi."

Mr. John Hullah and Dr. Wylde are mentioned as candidates for the chair of music in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Professor Donaldson.

The other day a batch of musical and dramatic Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor was made in Paris. Those included in the distinction were MM. Montigny (the director of the Gymnase), Lockroy, Mermet (composer of "Roland"), Barbier, and Duprey. The work which will be shortly presented by the latter is now said not to be the much-talked-of "Samson," but a "Jeanne d'Arc." The heroine of the tale is admirably suited for French opera. His poet is M. Méry, aided by a collaborateur.

The professorship of music at Edinburgh University, with a salary of £1,000, is vacant, and the fact gives the *Orchestra* a reason—or, rather, an excuse—for indulging in the following fling:

"The Almighty has been denied his rights in the matter of music by the whole Scottish nation. With the Scots music is not worship-music; it is not an order that the Almighty is entitled to receive as his right, and in obedience to his command. Whenever this delusion exists in any nation, there is no national advance in music, and there is no composer. Scotland, so long as she nourishes this prejudice to herself, will stand without music among the nations of Europe. She is too puritanically pious to evoke the Satanic school of musical art; she will never sing of adultery and murder with the nerve and élan of a Meyerbeer, a Verdi, or a Gounod. She will never give birth to an organ fugue of Bach—for she hates the organ, and pronounces on the Psalms, in which the word appears, with all the bland disbelief of a Colenso. She will never have any great singers, for she draws through her own ballad psalms, and reads those of God Almighty. She prefers 'Jessie, the Flower of Dumbland' to the songs of David the son of Jesse. What more need be said? If people will go in for all praying, and make a routine of their own as to singing, such must be the inevitable result. If Scotland desires to have music she must make the foundation right, or the superstructure will be all wrong. Music, to attain its real and high destiny with the nation, must form a prominent portion of her order in divine worship, and the senate of the university should endeavor to adapt the duties of their professor in music to this end."

Titens, Sinico, Mario, Bossi, and Sautley are giving a season of opera this month in Manchester.

The Conservatory at Munich has been annihilated by royal ordinance, whether to be reconstructed on principles of "the future" or not, time will show. It is to be divided, says the *Gazette Musicale*, into three distinct schools: a singing and dramatic, an instrumental, and a theoretical school.

The Abbé Liszt was announced to superintend the production of his Oratorio, "St. Elizabeth," at Pesth, and then return to Rome to take office as director of the music of the Papal chapel.

The name of Signor Coriolano Zimalo comes from Trieste as the name of a tenor of promise.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln. 1865. Pp. 306.  
JOHN F. TROW, New York.—New York Stock Exchange Manual. By Henry Hamon. 1865. Pp. 405.  
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Poems. By G. H. Karamore. 1865. Pp. 104.

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